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FULL OF GOOD THINGS

JOHN BULL

A MERRY XMAS TO YOU

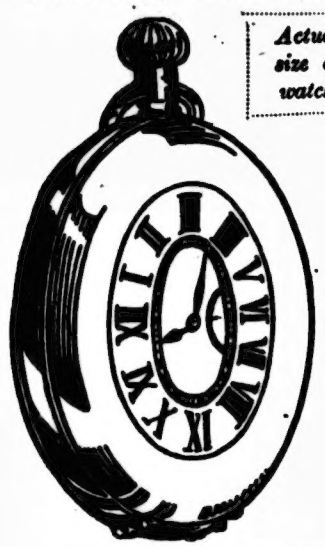
Vol. XXX. No. 812. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1921. TWOPENCE.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

2D

A MARVELLOUS WATCH BARGAIN

A Facsimile Ten-Guinea Demi-Hunter Watch



Actual size of watch.

FOR ONLY **1-GUINEA**

An amazing WATCH offer, eclipsing any other Bargain ever introduced to the public, is now offered by C. WILSON, WATCH FACTOR, who has made a wonderful purchase by auction of

5,000 HIGH-CLASS GOLD-CASED DEMI-HUNTER WATCHES,

and instead of selling them to the trade on the customary long credit, has decided to sell them singly, direct to the public, for prompt cash at the astonishing low advertising price of

21/- each, post paid.

2,000 have already been sold.

HANDSOME IN APPEARANCE. RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER. A PERFECT MODEL.

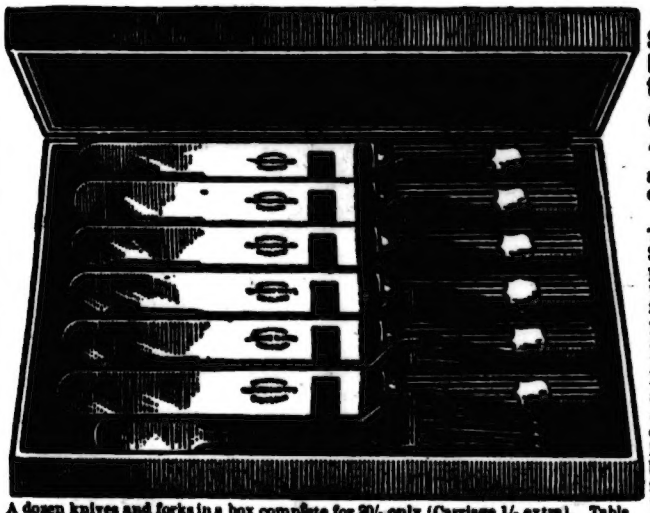
Each watch has a beautiful jewelled movement, patent keyless action, compensation balance, non-magnetic tempered spring, clear sunlight dial in stout, highly-finished demi-hunter case, with dust-proof dome. Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Every watch tested and warranted for five years. These magnificent watches are an exact facsimile of the finest models in the world, and if bought from a shop could not be purchased under £3 3s. 0d. A handsomer watch has yet to be invented. A watch that any gentleman would be proud to wear.

Small illustration showing watch open.

Seize this unusual opportunity and send for this marvellous watch bargain by return of post. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

C. WILSON, WATCH FACTOR, 6, ANSDELL ST., SHIRLEY RD., J.A.1, MANCHESTER.

THE WORLD'S Best BARGAIN To-day



Wonderful Stainless Steel Knives within the reach of all.

20/- ONLY

and 1/- extra (P.O. or stamps) for postage.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES have pleasure to announce that they have been fortunate enough to place a contract for a large quantity of the wonderful Stainless Steel Knives, and are in consequence able to offer a box containing half-dozen knives and half-dozen beautiful nickel-silver forks to match, for the amazing low advertised price of 20/- only.

A dozen knives and forks in a box complete for 20/- only (Carriage 1/- extra). Table or Dessert size with either Zylonite or Fluted stainless handles. Every knife guaranteed and stamped Stainless Steel. Wears and looks like real silver.

The Stainless Steel Knives have fluted stainless unbreakable handles, and the forks are highly polished nickel silver. You will be positively delighted with the beauty and excellence of these high-class Sheffield-made goods. No cleaning or polishing: just a wipe over and they are clean and ready for use. Cannot stain or rust.

Never before have these articles been sold under double our price, and our offer is simply a result of our huge well-timed contract. Do not fail to take immediate advantage of this splendid and beneficial offer, and secure your bargain NOW.

VALUABLE CARVING SETS GIVEN AWAY FREE

To all readers of "John Bull" purchasing the above High-class Stainless Cutlery, we will, as an advertisement, present, FREE OF CHARGE, a splendid set of Carvers (Knife, Fork and Steel), all Sheffield make. MAKE SURE OF GETTING ONE OF THESE VALUABLE CARVING SETS BY SENDING YOUR ORDER WITHOUT DELAY. *Put 21/- in an envelope now, together with your name and address, and the goods and free gift will be sent you by return, carriage paid.*

YOUR MONEY RETURNED IN FULL IF NOT PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

The Universal Stores (Manchester) Ltd.

Treasury Notes must be sent by registered post. Postal Orders and Cheques should be crossed "& Co.," and made payable to The Universal Stores, Ltd.

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THE "SARTOR" RAINCOAT.

THE RAINCOAT that is an OVERCOAT.

A Wonderful Garment. Warm, Stylish, Rainproof and suitable for all weathers, at the extraordinary low price of - - - **20/-** CARRIAGE PAID.

By our method of dealing direct with the public, we have been able to reduce the price of the famous SARTOR to 20/-.

The SARTOR Raincoats are made of the finest quality Rainproof Gabardine with warm check lining, well tailored and finished in the best styles, and by purchasing one of these raincoats you can be assured of good, sound value for your money.

The public have helped us to reduce cost of production. We are determined that the public shall reap the benefit.

SEND NO MONEY—Simply a p.c. for Free Patterns, Style Book (Ladies, Gents, Maids and Youths) and Self-Measurement Forms. If, when you receive your coat, you are not absolutely satisfied, your money will be refunded in full.

SARTOR LADIES "PULL-ON" HATS

In response to many inquiries from lady customers, we introduce the Sartor Waterproof Hat. Style B.

The Hat Illustrated (Style B) is a typical Sartor production: Made of Waterproof Mackintosh, trimmed cliakin: Two Shades — Fawn or Grey. For wear with any Raincoat.

HATS, 5/6, Carriage paid.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.

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Assets Exceed - £1,000,000

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Established in 1897, the Company transacts every class of Life Assurance business, and enjoys a high reputation for the prompt settlement of claims.

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Christmas Joys For Belles & Boys of all ages

Prepare for a really jolly Christmas, by including in your purchases, a good supply of CLARNICO CARAMELS.

Clarnico Cream Caramels - - 8d. ½ lb.
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Clarnico Chocolate-Lily Caramels - 10d. ½ lb.

Clarnico Caramels are sold in small boxes to avoid handling, also loose by weight.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.

CLARNICO

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXX. No. 812. Week ending Saturday, December 24th, 1921. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

A Merry Christmas!

As we have observed on a previous occasion, it is very difficult in these trying times to talk about a Merry Christmas. Still, there is such a fine old-world ring about the phrase that we cannot resist once more indulging in it. So here it is—A Merry Christmas to you all, and may no man, woman or child go hungry on that day.

A Long Christmas Day.

By the way, the question has been raised in several quarters as to the best method of spending Christmas Day when it falls upon a Sunday. Why not a little Act, based upon the Summer Time theory, making the 24th and 25th one day of 48 hours?—and then no one need worry. Even the parsons would in that way have a holiday.

"B. L." to the Rescue.

It was a shrewd step on the part of the Prime Minister to get Mr. Bonar Law down to the House to give the Irish pact his blessing—albeit at times he damned it with faint praise. We shall hear much more of "B. L." in the next session of Parliament.

"On the Carpet."

An observant peeress who was present at the State opening of Parliament tells us that the carpet upon which the Throne stands is decorated with the emblems of England and Scotland only, namely, the rose and the thistle—which, if correct, would seem to be a somewhat inappropriate setting of the stage, having regard to the special business of the occasion.

"New Lamps for Old."

By a strange coincidence, Lord Ullswater, the ex-Speaker, occupied the first seat on the left side of the House of Lords, so that he almost rubbed shoulders with the present Speaker when, accompanied by Ministers and Members, he stood at the Bar making his obeisance to the King. It was amusing to note with what keen interest his Lordship regarded his successor.

"D. V."

Another peculiar coincidence was that, by some oversight, the King's Speech concluded without the usual invocation of the blessing of God upon the labours of Parliament. The omission, however, was remedied by the Speaker when he subsequently read the Speech to the Commons. As one Ulster Member standing by us in the Lords observed, "Well, they can't blame the Deity if the thing goes wrong!"

Just for Once.

In keeping with the spirit of Christmas, we have instructed our contributors, this week, to mix as little vinegar as possible with the ink, and where they can, to dip their pens in the milk of human kindness. But, to vary the metaphor, we have several bones put aside for picking.

A Labour Triumph.

There can be no gainsaying the fact that the result of the Southwark election was a remarkable triumph for Labour—its nominee, Mr. Naylor, polling 1,400 more than the combined votes cast for his two opponents. Our hearty congratulations to Mr. Naylor, who is a Labour M.P. of the right sort, and whose victory will be very popular in the newspaper world—he being General Secretary to the London Society of Compositors.

OWING to the Christmas Holidays, the next issue of JOHN BULL will not be on sale until Thursday, December 29th. Subsequent issues will be obtainable in all districts on Wednesday as usual.

German Films.

We look to the various branches of the Cinema Association to give a patriotic reply to the plebiscite by the Central Council as to continuing the ban upon German films.

A Dangerous Simile.

The Prime Minister got on dangerous ground when, in reminding Mr. Asquith that he belonged to the same profession as himself although to a different branch, he emphasised the fact that it was frequently their duty to take advantage of the psychological moment for settling disputes. The obvious retort, of course, would be that such settlements would be effected upon the advice of Counsel when the solicitor has a bad case.

Those War Criminals.

We notice that the Solicitor-General, Sir Ernest Pollock, has written an introduction to the book by Mr. Claud Mullins, who was attached to the British Mission which attended the Leipzig "trials," and who we therefore assume endorsed the view of the author that the proceedings were satisfactory and successful. The point is made that out of six British prosecutions, five convictions were obtained. But what about the penalties inflicted? In the only Belgian case the prisoner was acquitted, and out of five charges by France, only one was sustained.

Turkish Atrocities.

If anyone doubts the true character of the Turk, let him read the book just published by the Greek Legation giving particulars of anti-Greek persecutions between 1908 and 1921. The Sultan must be cleared out of Europe!

The Irish Session.

The session has been short—and sour—the Ulstermen having made it quite clear that they have no intention at present of kissing and making it up with their Southern brethren. Alas, we are afraid that the Irish problem is far from solved yet. Still, it has now been transferred to Ireland, who must work out her own destiny.

German Reparations.

At last we have it definitely from the Prime Minister that the Government has no intention "of extracting any *indemnity* from Germany," and merely asks that she should make good the damage she caused by the War. Why on earth she could not give us long-dated Bonds—even spread over a hundred years—for the balance of her Treaty obligation passes our understanding.

The Busy Hun.

Our friend and colleague, Major Christopher Lowther, tells us that, coming through the Bay of Biscay a fortnight ago, he saw a big newly built German merchantman, laden with goods for foreign markets, whilst the harbour at Mexico was also crowded with smaller craft of the same kind. On the other hand, at Southampton British boats were lying idle and unpainted. Poor bankrupt Germany!

Bad News from India.

Don't let us deceive ourselves. Notwithstanding the strictest censorship of news relating to the Prince's visit, it is now perfectly clear that His Royal Highness is being boycotted in certain parts of our Eastern Empire in the most pronounced manner. Lord Reading, with all his resourcefulness, is sorely perplexed in regard to the remaining functions of the tour. Why not make the forthcoming marriage of Princess Mary an excuse for cutting it short?

"Quite English, You Know."

Our old friend "Alpha of the Plough," writing in the *Star*, says that the world for him is divided into the wise and the foolish, the just and the unjust, the noble and the ignoble. He then tells us that wherever he finds the one he finds a fellow-countryman, and whenever he finds the other it is the general enemy—even though he be "as English as the Editor of the *Morning Post* or Mr. Horatio Bottomley." Sorry we have no Hunnish or Russian blood in our veins.

Dragged to the Poll.

We are not enamoured of the suggestion that voting at parliamentary and municipal elections should be made compulsory. We must, however, confess that a citizen who neglects to make use of the franchise is second cousin to the man who declined to get out of bed when burglars were ransacking his house, on the ground that it was a job for which policemen were paid. People who will not vote have no right to grouse, and should be sharply told so as soon as they start.

Yesterday "Hosanna!"—To-Day?

We congratulate the Gower Board of Guardians, Swansea, upon their seasonable decision to make a Christmas gift of 3s. extra to all outdoor relief cases, including the unemployed. Only one member seems to have protested. This curmudgeon stated that many of the latter were downright frauds, and that the Guardians were pampering them. Said he: "I have no sympathy with lazy men." We trust that the electors will prove to him at no distant date that they do not cotton to mean men, and that fools are not suffered gladly in the Principality.

Candid.

The Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, has again been talking through his hat. Ignorance more than immorality, he said, was responsible for divorces, and that uneducated women did not make good mates. The flapper he defined as a young person "with no education and a distinct aversion to anything like work." Though none has a keener appreciation of the value of education than ourselves, to assert that the average woman who knows little of "isms" and "ologies" is less chaste than the bluestocking is nonsense; and to mistake the natural lightheartedness of youth for viciousness is folly. The Rev. Mr. Chapman must think again.

Canada Prefers Chinese.

What may be merely one person's opinion may, on the other hand, be a solution of the problem of Canadian hostility to British emigrants. A woman lecturer of Victoria, B.C., calmly puts forward a plea for the encouragement of Chinese and Japanese immigration. After a by no means flattering comparison of white with yellow races, she gives a cordial testimonial to the Jap as "a tireless and cheerful worker." And the Chinese are alleged by her to set "an example of meekness, cleanliness and industry which the white is too lazy to compete against." All of which adds point to our continual warning, "Emigrants, Beware!"

Flag Designer Wanted.

The National Liberal Club is contemplating having a distinctive flag all to itself, to fly on important club occasions, and perhaps to hoist half-mast on the death of a member. The idea lends itself to unlimited development. Every newspaper, every business, even private individuals, might adopt one. What about No. 10, Downing Street?—the design to be changed as the need arises. At the moment, we would suggest a Premier and a Lord Chancellor arm-in-arm in the foreground, with a Wee-Free Chief and a Labour Leader very much in the background, but emphatically rampant. Meanwhile, the Union Jack is good enough for us.

The New Nursemaid.

Young women who are still usurping men's places in grocery stores, etc., had better get a move on, or when they want to get back to their old jobs again—as they most certainly will in the near future—they may find their occupations gone. Unable to obtain a housemaid, a Streatham lady engaged an ex-Service man, and not only found him to be a splendid worker, but a good "char," a capable nursemaid and a clean, careful cook. This is turning the tables with a vengeance. We can visualise Mord Em'ly doing a hard think.

Hitting Back.

Writing to a morning newspaper, Mr. Leonard Cox, mine host of "The Bull" Hotel, Wandsworth, states that owing to the unfair and untruthful attacks that the Salvation Army have made against licensed victuallers when appearing before the Licensing Justices of various divisions, he has reluctantly been compelled to request them not to use his house for the sale of their *War Cry*, or for soliciting aid in any way. He suggests that every landlord in the country should do likewise. We would go even further, and advise every man in the land, whatever his religious convictions, to inform his spiritual guide that no personal or financial support can be looked for until the churches drop their campaign of prejudice and misrepresentation. After all, individual liberty is worth fighting for, and the average Englishman is neither a drunkard nor a child.

When does a Scotsman spend sixpence?

The "London Mail" Christmas Number is good enough to draw a willing sixpence from a thrifty Scot. This is the time of the year when it's a pity to forgo a laugh—so to the nearest bookstall and get the "London Mail" Christmas Number *to-day!*

London Mail

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

On Sale Everywhere - - - - - 6d.

These Houses.

Someone ought to write a farce on the Government's housing "triumph." After three years of rosy promises, the great total of 1,018 houses has been actually completed by the London County Council, while 5,132 others are "in progress." As this works out roughly to 300 houses a year for the needs of six million people, there is every hope that the requisite number will be supplied before the millennium. Truly a fiasco of the most sinister type.

No Swan-song Yet.

The miraculous recovery of Miss Clemence Dane's play "Will Shakespeare," after so many of the critics had done their best to damn it with faint praise, raises once again the old question as to the value of dramatic criticism. Many of the most eminent representatives of art and letters do not hesitate to label this play a masterpiece; and the applause of the man in the street, now he has been persuaded to enter the theatre, is spontaneous and enthusiastic. Yet, while so many shallow revues and milk-and-water comedies flourish exceedingly, we were in danger of losing this thoughtful and poetic work by a cultured and talented writer, and the enterprising producer was about to cut his loss of ten thousand pounds, because the public had apparently been misled by the critics. What about reviving "John Bull at the Play"?

Taxation's Toll.

Pathetic appeals for help to keep hitherto flourishing charitable institutions from going under are more than usually prominent in the Press this Christmas. Donations do not roll in as they once did—not because people are less charitably disposed, but because excessive taxation holds them in its strangle-grip. A nation that is being bled white by the tax collector cannot do its duty to its sick and needy. 'Tis sad, but 'tis so.

Winners for Worship.

Not improbably Sir Francis Price, the Welsh racehorse owner, will find himself the centre of wild controversy now that he has promised "plenty of money" for churches in Cardiff as a result of his winnings on the turf. This promise he has made at a church bazaar, and we expect to hear the pharisaical pietists of Wales protesting and fuming against the acceptance of "tainted money" for holy worship. Happily, a lot of good things can be done with money apart from putting it in the collection plates of Pharisees.

Where is the Widow's Mite?

What is the difference—in daily requirements—between a wife with husband unemployed and a widow with son unemployed? Both women must be fed, clothed and housed—and, indeed, when the wage-earner is in work, the widow usually gets less to keep house with, and, therefore, less to save out of. Yet the latest dole proposal—to allow wives of unemployed 5s. for themselves and 1s. for each child weekly—does not affect widows, though the need is greater. This unfair discrimination should be at once dealt with by the Ministry of Labour.

A Logical Cleric.

We take off our hat to Prebendary Gough, the Vicar of Brompton. Writing to his parishioners with reference to the Russian Famine Relief Fund, he says that he is unable to support the propaganda because the argument that the wants of our own people must be the first consideration, and that they are, indeed, as much as we can cope with, is not without cogency. Also he is of opinion that by sending supplies we are doing more harm than good to the cause of humanity, in that we are helping to save and invigorate a dehumanising tyranny. Moscow is in possession of a huge sum in gold, which it is reserving especially for the undoing of the British Empire. If they would save their people from starvation, let them barter with this. What says His Grace of Canterbury?

"Thou Shalt Not."

As a Shobrooke farmer learned the other day, it is all but a sin against the Holy Ghost to shoot a fox; the fox is a sacred animal, not to be wiped off the face of the earth except by a kill of hounds for the entertainment of ladies and gentlemen on the hunt. What happened was that the Silverton hounds were in full cry when a gun cracked in the air. For a while Reynard staggered along, but when the hounds came up to him he was lying in a ditch—dead. According to a reporter "local farmers following the hounds were highly indignant, and for a time it appeared as though things would go badly with the man." Only by their astonishing restraint did he escape being tarred and feathered and thrown into the nearest duckpond.

Be a Sport and read SUNDAY SPORTS TELEGRAM.

Vivisection Outdone.

Experiments with poison gas on animals is the latest cheery notion, and if what we hear is true, it is not in Germany but in England that these researches are to be made. Truly a curious way of celebrating the dawn of universal peace! But if it means that animals are to be tortured and killed in order to ascertain the best methods of giving the happy despatch to human beings, we imagine the people of this country will have something to say about it.

Merely a Suggestion.

How would it be if M. Krassin, chief of the Russian Trade Delegation, were to sell his house in N.W. London, which, we understand, cost between seventeen and eighteen thousand pounds, and seek shelter beneath a humbler roof? And his Secretary, M. Klishko, might part with his luxurious motor-car and walk *all* the way to the *Daily Herald* office, instead of driving to Blackfriars Bridge only and footing it along the Embankment. The money realised might prove useful to the starving Russian peasants of whom just now we are hearing so much.

Convinced Against Their Will.

Whilst acknowledging that the unemployed, many of whom are ex-Service men, have had their patience sorely tried, we deprecate the "holding up" of Boards of Guardians. Nor do we think the leaders of the recent incident of the kind at Bexley were wise in declining to liberate the Chairman of the Council, an elderly man who was taken ill during the night, or in withholding permission to summon a doctor. If this kind of thing develops, Parliament is in for a rough time. Like the old woman whose stick whacked the dog and whose dog bit the pig, Members will be in danger of never getting home at all.

A Shameful Contrast.

Charles Ratcliffe, 66, charged at Aldershot with hawking without a permit, stated that he enlisted after the war finished, served eleven months, and was granted a pension of £1 a week. We do not grudge it him because of his age. Reuben Cubb, however, who was charged at the same Court with begging, was wounded four times, yet he has no pension. It appeared that after the death of his wife, when his four children were ill, he signed a War Office paper forfeiting his right to a pension in order to secure an early discharge. It is nothing less than bare-faced robbery for the Military Authorities to take such a mean advantage of a soldier's extremity.

A Terrific Taximan.

One man we hear about is exceptionally lucky this Christmas; indeed, it is a surprise he is not in gaol. He is a taxi driver named Charles Mountjoy, of Hornsey Road. This man recklessly drove from the Hotel Cecil to the top of Kingsway at from 20 to 25 miles an hour, "turning two corners on two wheels," narrowly excaping a smash up with a motor coach and a taxi, and finally running into another taxi and killing its fare as she was being driven to Paddington Station. All the Coroner's jury did was to ask the Coroner to censure him severely for "civil negligence," though it was the most uncivil negligence of which such a man could be guilty. We agree with the Coroner that Mountjoy is fortunate in escaping trial for manslaughter.

Prodigals in Barnham.

"Men and women," a Barnham (West Sussex) man tells us, "have been compelled to herd by public authorities in so-called stables—stables in which no one with any regard for a horse would house it—with earthen floors, no water or sanitation, and practically no light, whilst some £20,000 has been spent on building cottages and farm buildings on waterlogged land." Official enquiry should at once be made into such alarming statements, and if proved true drastic steps taken.

Bacterial Bigotry.

When the Dorset County Education Committee applied to the Lyme Regis Town Council for permission to house a Carnegie Trust library in the local museum, they were told that it could be granted only on condition that every book was disinfected when the borrower returned it. We suggest that, in order to promote still further sound public health, the Council should now order the disinfection of the glass cases in the museum after each visitor has breathed on them.

BIGGEST EVER!!
£2,500
FOR ONLY TEN.
Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of Cover.

The Contrast.

We are glad to note that the Government are pressing for an Inquiry into the treatment of British subjects who joined the Spanish Foreign Legion in Morocco. Some of our men, it seems, were so disgusted at the treatment they received that they actually went over to the enemy, who acted towards them with consideration and respect. We have not heard the last of this scandal.

A Bashful Cattle-dealer.

When a Kirkcudbright cattle-dealer named McMichen was charged at the instance of the R.S.P.C.A. with allowing a heifer to travel by train at a time when the animal might be expected to calve, it transpired that the defendant had offered to give the Society £4 or £5 if they would not proceed with the case. We are not surprised, as it was in a truck with seven other animals. Its moans attracted the attention of a policeman the following morning, and it calved almost immediately it was released. It is satisfactory to note that the bashful cattle-dealer was fined £5 and costs.

"Don't Mention My Name."

Unlike the gentleman whose friend was going back to Dixie, and who was anxious that his name should not be forgotten, a young Scoutmaster chosen by the doctors as a blood-donor, just prior to taking his place on the operating-table at the King Edward VII Hospital at Cardiff, begged of the reporters: "Please don't mention my name; it will look so cheap!" Over a pint of blood was pumped from the young man's body into that of a ten-year-old boy. We will do this modest and plucky fellow the honour of complying with his request; he shall remain anonymous so far as we are concerned. Yet we like to believe there is a Greater Recorder who will not emulate our example.

The Spirit of Christmas.

Desiring to take a gramophone into the villages to earn a little extra for his wife and children this Christmas, at the same time making him independent of the Dole, an unemployed ex-soldier living at Pickering, Yorks.—in order to conform to a war restriction that for some reason, Heaven knows why, still obtains in those parts—applied to the Chief Constable for a permit. In the circumstances one would have thought permission would have been gladly accorded him, but instead he met with a blank refusal. A less autocratic official would have forgotten such a restriction ever existed, and wished the poor fellow Good Luck

Sons of Sunderland.

Two recent decisions of Magistrates in Sunderland, Councillor A. Young and Mrs. Blacklock, challenge criticism. In one instance five lads of 14 to 15 years of age, with good homes, were charged with a number of burglaries committed late at night. They had a solicitor to defend them, and though Mr. Young thought "they should be in a reformatory or industrial school," he let them go for 20s. and costs. In another case a lad of 16, whose home influences were unfortunately against him, was sent to gaol for three months for stealing a shilling's worth of coal. This last sentence is insensibly vicious.

An Unpleasant Hint.

It was probably a wise move on the part of the Revenue authorities to issue the Income Tax demands much earlier than usual this year—in the middle of the Christmas shopping season. The shop-keepers, however, will not thank them for that direct "hint" to economise! Nor should harassed taxpayers build hopes of drastic reductions in next year's impost—for, against the encouraging rumours afloat *re* the plans of the Geddes' "Economy" Committee, must be set the Chancellor's blunt declaration that he will have to effect a further saving of £100,000,000 next year, even to make revenue meet expenditure. A hundred millions takes a lot of saving!

Poor Dumb Pals!

Almost every steamer bound from Leith Docks for Holland and Belgium still carries a full complement of aged horses, which are doped and faked by the dealers an hour or so before the Vet. is due to appear, so as to bring them within the regulation which allows shipment if they are fit for work. Six months ago, when the agitation against this traffic was at its height, Board of Agriculture Inspectors from London visited Leith and disallowed the export of all but a very small percentage. Now that the matter is left in the hands of local Inspectors, they are being shipped in lots of twenty and thirty. In humanity's name, stop it!

A Holiday Hint.

If you should have a few idle moments during the Christmas Holidays, why not turn them to profitable account? This week, the first prize in the "Bullets" Competition has been increased to £500. A little concentration devoted to the construction of a clever "Bullet" might win you this small fortune.

Accept our Christmas Gift to YOU. See pages iii. of cover and 20.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TRAITOR BARONET.

MINISTERIAL FOLLY WHICH ALLOWS A SPY TO SIT AT THE KING'S COUNCIL BOARD.

BY W. CHARLES PILLEY (*Assistant Editor*).

IT falls to my lot to use the only spot of vitriol that will be spilt in these pages this week, and I thank Heaven it is no Britisher whose conduct calls for censure. No Britisher, and yet—as has been proved to the satisfaction of no less a judge than Mr. Edward Shortt, K.C., M.P., His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Home Affairs—a double-dyed traitor to the British Crown, who ought several years ago, when the Empire was at death grips with a vicious and inhuman foe, to have been hounded from these shores. In the columns of JOHN BULL it is possible to write of this scandal without a sense of shame. Time and again, while the war lasted, we protested with all the force at our command against the retention of this German-born baronet as a member of His Majesty's Privy Council, and although the Right Honourable Sir Edgar Speyer, Bart.—to give him for the last time the honourable distinctions he has so foully abused—could claim the friendship of a number of eminent personages, including the Prime Minister of the day, we never ceased our attacks until the conclusion of peace with Germany seemed to have removed the capacity for mischief from his reach. Alas, for the most part, JOHN BULL was "a voice crying in the wilderness," as it had been in the years before the war, during which it had consistently exposed the hovering German menace. Now all is altered. Truth and treason are out.

A CONSISTENT PROTEST.

In the early days of 1918, when it looked as though we might still lose the war, this journal raised the cry, and not for the first time, "Cleanse the Privy Council!" and in the course of an outspoken article dealt faithfully and forcibly with Sir Edgar Speyer. It was not then fashionable to write in this strain of highly-placed and pampered Huns who could claim the patronage and friendship of Cabinet Ministers, although now, of course, every newspaper in Fleet Street can see that Speyer was a spy and find the courage to say so. The following extract clearly shows that in the unmasking of Speyer, now carried to its logical conclusion, JOHN BULL was first in the field:

> Speyer was the head of a firm of Frankfurt bankers until 1897, when he came to this country to control the London house. He was also a partner in the American branch which, until the United States entered the war, was in intimate business relations with the German Government. Of course, he because naturalised. It was good for business; but it would be an insult to his birth and education to say that, with all his family relations and half his financial interests in the Fatherland, the mere act of signing a "scrap of paper" killed all his German sympathies. And I repeat that for such a man—or for any man of enemy blood—to sit at this time at the Council table of the King is a scandal and an insult.

As I say, I am quoting, not from last week's newspapers, but from an article published while the fortunes of war were still trembling in the balance, and the uncertain issue of the combat still depended on the bloody sacrifice of our British manhood on the fields of France. What fools we were, to be sure! First there was Mr. Asquith, who, in spite of his high position, was so lost to the sense of realities that, in reply to a spluttering protest from Sir Edgar Speyer, he wrote a letter which to-day, I have no doubt, he would give half he possesses to have expunged from the records of our time. "I have known you long enough and well enough," he wrote to the man who now stands condemned as a traitor, "to estimate at their true value these baseless and malignant imputations upon your loyalty to the British Crown." It is painful in the extreme to read these words of a British Prime Minister embodying an error of judgment which in the mind of the man at the helm might have led straight to the rocks of disaster. Not only so, but when Sir Edgar Speyer wanted to give up his membership of the Privy Council and to fling down the insignia of his baronetcy at the feet of the King, the Government actually refused to accept the surrender of these honours. The Courts were solemnly asked to say whether or not a naturalised British subject, born in the land of our enemies, was a fit and proper person to advise His Majesty in time of war, and on their answering this question in the affirmative, the name of Speyer—which, as everyone sees now, ought to have been spelt differently—was allowed to remain on the books of the Privy Council and to tarnish the list of baronets. It is only as the result of a painstaking Inquiry conducted by the Certificates of Naturalisation (Revocation) Committee that the full extent of Speyer's perfidy was revealed and the disgraced baronet deprived of his British citizenship for having "unlawfully communicated with the subjects of an enemy State."

LET'S HAVE THE TRUTH.

I feel that JOHN BULL, having been the first to call attention to the menace involved in the retention of Sir Edgar Speyer as a member of His Majesty's Privy Council, is entitled to a large share of the credit for his final exposure as a traitor to the British Crown. The demand of this journal now is that the whole truth of this man's record shall be made known to the British public, without suppression or reservation in the interest of any exalted personages who may desire to cover their past neglect with the cloak of secrecy. Upon what grounds was this Hun-born baronet ever permitted to sit at the King's Council table? What were Mr. Asquith's reasons for declaring his unabated confidence in the loyalty of Sir Edgar Speyer? I welcome the announcement that the full report of the Home Office Committee is shortly to be published. These questions must be answered in plain and unequivocal language suited to our British taste and without needless delay.

COMMON LAW *v.* COMMON SENSE.

WORKMEN PENALISED FOR NOT BEING IDLE.

William Henry Diver, of Walthamstow, has recently run against one of those instances where all the law was opposed to him and all the common sense with him. Being out of work, he had registered with the local Labour Exchange, and was admitted to be entitled to receive the "dole." All that he could do was to report daily at the stipulated hours, and try for any job offered. But Diver was also in the unenviable and unhappily too common predicament of owing arrears of rent, and the hardship of ejectment was directly pending. Here, however, his landlord made a proposition which would make his mind easy at any rate. If Diver cared to occupy an hour or two of his compulsory idleness in doing a few repairs to the house, the value of such work would be knocked off the arrears. He fell in with the idea, reported daily at the Exchange for work, and being again unsuccessful, spent an hour or so doing the job—for which he got not a farthing in money or money's worth. So far as his daily needs were concerned, he was no better off, except that if he did get a job he would have less to pay for arrears of rent. But a hair-splitting Labour Exchange declared that this work constituted a job, and he was not entitled to the "dole." A fine of £2 will teach Diver that if officials cannot provide work, it is better to loaf and owe rent than use the empty hours in some useful fashion.

A ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE.

PERHAPS—PERHAPS (AND MORE PROBABLY) NOT.

The Cairo Casino and Sporting Club, Ltd., are out for cash—*your* cash if they can get it. But the Cairo Casino, etc., do not want something for nothing. Perish the thought! If you invest £25 in their precious project they will guarantee to pay you 15s. weekly, or 156 per cent., and so on *pro rata* and *ad lib*. This much and more we gather from a flamboyant prospectus of the concern which a country clergyman to whom it was sent has forwarded to us. Needless to say, our clerical friend is inclined to be sceptical. Even the fulsome gush wherein the opening of the Casino is compared with "the opening of the sluice gates to a tempestuous river of gold—flowing from every quarter of the globe—there to swirl and eddy to this day" leaves him cold. And we may add that it leaves us in the same condition of frigid unbelief. Our reader is, moreover, sceptical because there is no banking account in London, and also because he doubts if 156 per cent. dividend can possibly be guaranteed on a new and honest undertaking nowadays—doubts which we fully share. Finally, our clerical correspondent cannot conceive why the country clergy above all people should be appealed to by the promoters. Nor can we—unless their conception of the clergy is based on the type that Penley immortalised in "The Private Secretary." But even he knew enough to come in out of the wet.

UNREWARDED SACRIFICE.

KILLED BY WAR, BUT NO PENSION.

The late Albert James Maxted, when alive, was employed at the Gunpowder Factory, Chilworth, in the charcoal-burning section. Soon after the commencement of hostilities, the Government took over the Factory, and Maxted was transferred to the acetone store-room. Undoubtedly the charge of this stuff was a far from safe occupation, and Maxted paid the penalty—for in December, 1916, he became ill with consumption. There can be very little question that the disease was actually caused by the work, and medical testimony is quite emphatic on the point. After hospital treatment he was removed to his home, where he died in December, 1917—one year from the beginning of his trouble. During the latter period Maxted was in receipt of 10s. weekly Insurance benefit, and upon this, eked out by such small sums as she could earn by nursing, Mrs. Maxted had to keep the home, provide food and clothing for several growing children, and find the nourishment suitable for an invalid. Soon compelled to part with household goods and personal effects to keep things going, naturally the death brought additional expense and sacrifice, while all benefits from insurance had ceased. Now Mrs. Maxted is carrying on with nothing coming in but her salary as District Nurse. Surely her husband gave his life for his country, and on one would begrudge her a small pension.

£2,500 must be won—see SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

THE WAKEFORD MYSTERY.

INTENSE INTEREST IN APPEAL TO THE KING.

It will be satisfactory to the many friends of the ex-Archdeacon to know that thousands of signatures have already been affixed to the Petition to the King for the re-opening of this remarkable case, and each post still brings dozens of further applications for the special forms on which the Petition is printed. For the benefit of those of our readers who have not yet seen it, we have decided, this week, to publish the full text, which is as follows :—

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.
The Petition of your Loyal and Devoted Subjects sheweth that:

WHEREAS on the 5th day of February, 1921, the Reverend John Wakeford was convicted by the Consistory Court of the Diocese of Lincoln upon charges of adultery at the Bull Hotel, Peterborough, in March and April, 1920.

AND WHEREAS, this decision being upheld by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the Reverend John Wakeford was on the 25th day of February deprived of his benefices in the Diocese of Lincoln as Archdeacon of Stow, Rector of Kirkstead, and Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral.

AND WHEREAS certain important new evidence has now come to light which in the submission of your humble petitioners would have enabled the accused to repel the charges brought against him by the Bishop of Lincoln, and which in their further submission would now serve to rebut the said charges and restore the good name of the accused.

YOUR PETITIONERS HUMBLY PRAY that Your Most Excellent Majesty will direct the prosecution of the Reverend John Wakeford to be re-opened and further sworn evidence heard touching this cause and matter, and especially the evidence of Mrs. Freda Hansen to be heard on oath. YOUR PETITIONERS RELY, among much else that is material, upon the observations of the Lord Chancellor delivering the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, from which it appeared that his Lordship regarded Mrs. Freda Hansen as a material witness whose evidence, had it been forthcoming, would in all likelihood have exonerated the accused, and they therefore pray that her sworn evidence may be heard and a true and final judgment pronounced upon the facts.

AND YOUR PETITIONERS WILL EVER PRAY, etc.

As mentioned last week, many readers are collecting the signatures of their friends and others in the town in which they live, and we shall be pleased to receive any further assistance in this direction. Mr. E. C. Kett, the Managing Director of the Bristol Advertising Company, Ltd., 1 and 2, Broad Quay, Tramways Centre, Bristol, has generously undertaken to collect signatures in that city, and is setting apart a portion of his premises at the above address for this purpose. A large streamer hanging from the top of his building indicates that the Petition may be signed within, and we strongly advise all our readers in Bristol to call at his office and register their signatures. Next week, we hope to announce the address of other centres in the country where the Petition can be signed. After Christmas, the Petition will be available for signature at the JOHN BULL Pen shops at the following addresses :—

19, Ludgate Hill, E.C.
265, Strand, W.C.
72, New Oxford Street, W.C.
1, Cannon Street Station Approach, E.C.
323, High Holborn, W.C.
214, Commercial Road, Portsmouth.

For the information of those about to apply for forms, it may be mentioned that on each copy of the Petition there is room for ten signatures. All applications for forms should be made to the Chief Commissioner, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, from whom Mr. W. Charles Pilley's remarkable volume, entitled "The Mystery of the Wakeford Case" (one shilling net) can also be obtained.

KNOCKED DOWN, BUT NO MATTER.

HAMPSTEAD MOTOR-ENGINEER'S CALLOUS LETTER.

On 1st August last, Mr. and Mrs. McKirdy, of 34, Allestree Road, Fulham, took out their four children for the day. While they were sitting on the ocal Common, the children playing round them, their little son, aged 6½ years, ran into the road and was knocked down by a motor car owned by Messrs. P. A. Rose & Co., automobile engineers, South Hampstead. The little chap is deaf and dumb, and not very bright, and it is not suggested that the accident was due to negligence on the part of the driver. At the Putney Hospital, the doctors said the boy was not hurt; but on arriving home the mother sent for her own doctor, who certified that he was suffering from slight concussion and shock. As a matter of fact, there was not much of his body which was not badly bruised. Admitted into Fulham Infirmary he was soon convalescent, and now he is "getting on nicely" in a Home at Parsons Green. One would have thought that, on receiving the report of their driver about the accident, Messrs. Rose & Co. would have taken sufficient interest in this sorely-afflicted little fellow to make some inquiries as to his condition, and offer verbal sympathy at least to his parents. Instead, they seem to have treated the matter with the greatest indifference. "Had not the driver shown great skill in handling the car the result might easily have been more serious," they write. "The hospital inform us the child sustained no injuries whatever, and we fail to understand why you keep troubling us in this matter. As far as we are concerned the matter is at an end and future letters will remain unanswered." As we say, it isn't suggested that there was any legal liability resting upon Messrs. Rose & Co., but assuredly they might have shown more human feeling in respect of the unfortunate accident. As an act of grace they might at least have given the child something—even a toy, to make him happier at Christmas.

"NO ROOM."

THE LESSON THAT CHRISTMAS-TIDE SHOULD TEACH

Since the publication of our article headed as above, several letters have reached us from victims of the heartless embargo put upon children by inhuman landladies and landlords. The callousness that some of these people display almost surpasses belief, the suffering entailed on parents through it vividly recalling the words of Burns—"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." One reader cites the case of his landlord who, in order to ascertain if his suspicions that the young wife was about to become a mother were correct, went to the most indecent lengths to ascertain if his surmise was correct, and as the result gave the couple notice to quit. Another poor harassed mother writes: "I love children, but my apartment experiences have crushed all longings for motherhood out of me." Even when children are taken in, the price demanded is often so excessive and the restrictions so severe that the lives of both parent and child are made a misery. Sad indeed is all this, and it makes us wonder if people who act in so churlish a fashion ever realise that they too were once young and in need of love and sympathy. It is not in human nature—least of all a normal woman's nature—to have an antipathy for children; indeed, the patter of tiny feet is to most of them the sweetest music they hear. Our sympathy goes out this Christmas-tide to all in apartments and elsewhere where children are merely "tolerated." Under the softening spell of the season of Peace and Goodwill, may those who stand in the light of the little ones remember that other Mother and Child for whom there was "no room" in the inn.

A HORRIBLE HUTMENT HOSPITAL.

ANOTHER MINISTRY OF PENSIONS SCANDAL.

The task of keeping pace with the crop of scandals springing up all over the country through the neglect and incompetence of the Ministry of Pensions is an almost impossible one, but we are determined that our pledge to ex-Service men shall be carried out to the utmost extent of our powers. The latest shocking story to reach us comes from Aberdeen, and the degree to which local resentment of the callous attitude of the Ministry has been aroused may be gauged by the fact that the Orthopædic Annexe Committee has emphasised a series of unavailing protests by resigning in a body. The facts of the case show almost incredible obtuseness and lack of sympathetic consideration on the part of Ministry of Pensions officials who are paid by the public to look after the welfare of the country's disabled heroes and afford them such treatment as will ameliorate their disabilities and fit them for a return to civil life. First note the fact that these impossible officials, without a word of explanation, declined to accept an offer of the use of one of the best-equipped nursing homes in Aberdeen rent free for three years.

DEPLORABLE CONDITIONS.

Then examine the sort of accommodation they provided for over five hundred disabled men committed to their charge. Over the heads of the local executive, they selected for the purposes of an orthopædic annexe a collection of hutments at the rear of the Forbesfield Government Instructional Factory. These buildings had formerly been occupied as a hostel by the men undergoing training at the factory, but had been out of use for some time, and had fallen into a state of disrepair which rendered them utterly unsuitable for the purpose of treatment of the disabled. They were neither wind-proof nor water-tight, and in stormy weather were little better than draughty barns, through the walls of which the wind whistled while the rain dripped through the imperfect roofs. Into these wretched hutments the five hundred heroes who came for treatment had to be herded. There were no cubicles or other private places in which to remove their clothes, and when stripped they had to remain shivering in the chilly atmosphere. How utterly inadequate was the accommodation may be judged from the fact that the space was so cramped that the beds or pallets—"plinths," they call them officially—were almost touching one another, so that the masseuses could carry out the remedial treatment of the men only with the utmost difficulty.

BADLY EQUIPPED.

It is small wonder that frequent complaints have been made that, under these conditions, the unfortunate patients, instead of regaining normal health, actually contracted other diseases and disabilities. There is no shadow of excuse left to the Ministry of Pensions. They cannot possibly plead ignorance of the conditions prevailing, for the local Committee, in a series of energetic protests, has repeatedly and emphatically called the attention of the Department to the scandalous conditions under which disabled ex-Service men are receiving treatment in these horrible hutments. By no means the last or least of the Committee's complaints is that there is no provision whatever for X-ray treatment in this hutment hospital—an absolutely essential department in an orthopædic annexe. The Committee has done the only possible thing in resigning as a protest against these appalling conditions, and we await with interest the action of the Ministry in the matter. Their action, or rather inaction, up to date constitutes a scandal which cannot be allowed to continue. We shall not permit the matter to be forgotten.

Accept our Christmas Gift to YOU. See pages iii. of cover and 20.

A MAN'S CRY FOR MERCY.

PITEOUS PROTEST OF A SOCIAL OUTCAST WHO, IN HIS DESPAIR, TURNS TO "JOHN BULL."

AT this season of Christmas, when all of us in our various ways are trying to interpret the age-long message of Peace and Goodwill, we make no apology for dealing in a spirit of sympathy with the case of a man who, on his own admission, has not always trodden the strait and narrow path of conventional morality. From his earliest days Thomas Clanwaring has had a hard struggle with adverse circumstances. It is not pleasant at this time of the year, when most of us are making merry around the domestic hearth and the voices of happy childhood are heard on every hand, to meet a man who in accents of bitter recollection speaks of his boyhood's home as a "hell" and describes how for the most venial of juvenile offences he was pursued with a fury of parental wrath that knew no mercy. At the age of fifteen Clanwaring ran away from home and, having no skilled trade in his hands, was soon made acquainted with the worst extremities of want and hunger. Those of our readers who have any knowledge of the wretched system of "casual labour" which is among the worst vices of our industrial system, will be able to form some idea of what the poor boy suffered. At times he was actually starving. More than once he was in the hands of the police on trifling charges of theft.

THE MURDER CHARGE.

It was this same Thomas Clanwaring, the tragic history of whose early life might be read in the look of hunted misery with which he confronted his accusers, who in October last stood in the dock at the Cambridge Assizes charged with the wilful murder of Miss Alice Lawn, a Cambridge shopkeeper. The trial before Mr. Justice Bailhache was one of dramatic intensity. In the absence of a Public Defender, Clanwaring, whose defence was a complete alibi, would have had to struggle unaided against the skilled resources of the Crown, had it not been for the kindness of a lady of means who, although she was not acquainted with the prisoner, was chivalrously determined that in fighting for his life he should not suffer the handicap of poverty. No stone was left unturned by the prosecution to secure Clanwaring's conviction. It seemed that his evil star was at last to lead him to the scaffold and that only a shameful death would enable him to "break his birth's invidious bar." But, thank God, there is justice left in Britain. In spite of all, Thomas Clanwaring was not to die.

A LIVING DEATH.

But may he live? That is the question this poor fellow asks in tones of piteous anguish of a world which since first he knew it has been bitterly unkind. Since his acquittal upon the capital charge in October last, Clanwaring has led the life of a dog, unable to find employment, hunted from pillar to post by the police, and often without the barest necessities of food and shelter. This is the plain and ugly fact that has to be recorded in a "Christian" land at the season of Christmastide. In our laws and institutions we have travelled a long way from the principles of the Founder of Christianity, Who for the conventional moralists of His day had nothing but scorn and contempt and Whose tenderest benedictions were reserved for the "sinners" of His time. For the stark, inhuman truth is that in our social code there is no forgiveness. Because Thomas Clanwaring, under the stress of starvation—and let no man who has never been hungry presume to judge him—has, in the course of his scramble for existence, stolen goods the whole value of which a few pounds would cover, and paid the penalty awarded by the law, he is apparently to be treated always as a felon, beaten down as often as he attempts to rise, baffled in every effort to recover his good name. The fact that he served four years in the Army without a single black mark—being severely wounded—seems to count for nothing with his persecutors. The police who since his first conviction for theft, six years ago, have dogged his footsteps with unremitting zeal, seem to have redoubled their vigilance since he walked out of the dock at the Cambridge Assizes with the jury's verdict of "Not Guilty" ringing in his ears. Not only for the crimes he has committed, but for the egregious blunder of the Crown officials in arraigning him upon a false charge of murder is Clanwaring made to suffer. In his extremity the poor fellow appeals to JOHN BULL, whose championship of the "bottom dog" has captured his imagination and enlisted his confidence. With manly candour he tells us that with all his heart he wants to lead a straight and decent life, but feels he cannot trust himself if the whole world is in league against him.

FORGIVENESS.

His overmastering desire is for "a chance." There is a girl who will marry him if he can find steady employment, and in the heart of this lad of twenty-three love has bred the determination to break with his evil past. The very least we demand is that the police shall cease their persecution of this man. If the gates of forgiveness should now open, the Christmas chimes will mingle with the marriage bells.

CAMP HILL IS SO COMFY!

A PERFECT PARADISE FOR PRISONERS.

Can it be that the Home Secretary, when he set out on his famous pilgrimage to Portland, took the wrong 'bus or something and found himself at Camp Hill? It is a possible explanation of his having found everything in the garden so lovely, for the *Howard Journal*, the organ of the Howard League for Penal Reform, paints such a beautiful picture of life at the Preventive Detention Prison, Camp Hill, where go habitual criminals sentenced to penal servitude, that life scarcely seems worth living out of it. "We want to train a lazy man to work, so we put him where he need not work," it starts off cheerily. "We want to make an honest man of a dishonest one, so we put him among thieves." It is a bit brain-bewildering, but we've rubbed our eyes until they've sore, and we are quoting correctly. But look at this: "A man here," says the Governor of Camp Hill, "is consulted about the work he is most suited for, allowed to smoke at stated times, and to purchase tobacco and other luxuries at the canteen from the allowance allowed him as a reward of his labour. The cells have ordinary sliding sash windows in place of the usual little panes of glass and numerous bars. There are flowers, which have a soothing influence. Each cell contains a strip of carpet, spring bed, looking-glass, and a wooden chair in place of the hard cell-stool, together with a cupboard for his comforts. A prisoner is allowed to read newspapers and books from the library. An orderly lays the table, generally bright with flowers, ready for the men. In the evening the men smoke, play draughts and dominoes." Oh, that's enough to go on with. 'Snice, isn't it?

THE VANISHING TRICK.

OLD CLOTHES MERCHANT BILKS HIS CUSTOMERS.

Recently the drab contents of certain morning newspapers, whose names nothing shall tempt us to mention, were enlivened by an advertisement for second-hand suits, the gentleman who asked for them being a Mr. R. Clarke, with an address at 180, Great Dover Street, S.E. A Wallasey lady sent along a set of garments for which she asked £3 15s. spot cash. Then a wondrous curtain of silence fell between the advertiser and the lady, and from that day to this she has heard no more of the matter. In vain she has written letter after letter to the Great Dover Street address. However, we understand that the Mr. R. Clarke who advertises in this light-hearted manner for cast-off clothing, uses the notepaper of Messrs. J. F. Clarke & Son, a firm calling themselves the "Moorgate Engineering Works," and claiming to be "Contractors to His Majesty's War Office and to the Admiralty, and Crown Agents for the Colonies"; and of this concern Mr. Clarke, the second-hand clothing merchant, proclaims himself "sole surviving partner." We may perhaps be forgiven for saying that we are a little suspicious of an engineering firm which descends to cast-off trousers, and our misgivings have not been allayed by the enquiries of our representative at 180, Great Dover Street, S.E. The landlord of these premises declares that Mr. R. Clarke in his palmiest days rented nothing more than two small rooms on the top floor, paying 7s. a week, and calling every other day for his letters and parcels. Now it appears Clarke has been given notice to quit, as the landlord does not like parcels lying about the place waiting for a tenant who apparently has "no real business." 'Nuff said.

ONE LAW FOR THE ——!

MONSTROUS PROSECUTION OF TRADERS.

Weymouth, we notice, has been wallowing in an orgie of crime, three shopkeepers being summoned for the grievous offence of selling a few sweets on Sunday. Not only were they wrongly sold on the premises, but they were illegally eaten off the premises. The guilty three were therefore solemnly convicted, to the intense gratification of some society which will be able to point to another proof of activity when issuing its next appeal for subscriptions for Compelling Other People to be Miserable on Sunday. The police view is that they have no option but to administer the ridiculous law as it stands, but in practice no enforcement of the obsolete Act is ever attempted except under the pressure of one or other of the Societies for Interfering with the Public. The Societies on their part are careful to direct prosecutions only against the small trader considered unable to appeal, and the Sunday trains run into Weymouth unchecked while the hotels can serve their wealthy visitors without a word of protest. If we believe that an All-merciful Providence ordained us to be unhappy every seventh day, let us see that Parliament protects us from Monday papers printed on a Sunday, from firing the boilers of the Naval ships off Weymouth, from the profanation of the day by golf-playing Cabinet Ministers. But unless we can force ourselves to tolerate such nonsense, we ought instantly to repeal this ancient Act. Passed in another age for purposes purely political, it should no longer be allowed to serve as a convenient handle for fanatics. Let us put it beyond the power of any society to dictate to "free" Englishmen as to how they shall spend their Day of Rest.

"P.S.A." assured by reading SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

SAINTS AND SINNERS: By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

MISS MARIE LLOYD.

IT was once said by a poet of old that when a certain remarkable woman was born "a star danced." I can well believe it. Stars have every right to dance when beauty and genius suddenly visit this planet. I am certain that a star danced when Miss Marie Lloyd, the subject of this week's criticism, was born. She has been a star herself since childhood, and year after year has set us all twinkling with delight over her consummate art in song and dance.

I first saw her as Little Red Riding Hood in a Christmas Pantomime at Drury Lane. I had never been in the theatre before, and the lights, the music, and the general atmosphere of the place held me spellbound. And then a beautiful little figure with bewitching eyes, a mocking mouth, any amount of lovely golden tresses, and a nice little red hood tripped on to the stage. I was told that this charming little personality—so expressive of the spirit of Christmas—was Marie Lloyd.

Well, it will always be the eternal Red Riding Hood, so far as I am concerned. I fell in love with her at once. I went home and dreamt about Little Red Riding Hood for twelve months, and next Christmas I was rewarded when I saw her at Drury Lane as "Polly Perkins" in "Robinson Crusoe."

In both these entertainments she was such an ideal embodiment of the spirit of Christmas that I feel she must be amongst our Saints and Sinners at this time of the year.

After my early pantomime experiences I followed the career of Marie Lloyd assiduously, and became convinced in my own mind that in this remarkable woman we had a feminine representative on the variety stage who was a genius capable of inviting comparisons with all the world. I kept this thought to myself for some considerable time, until, on a certain occasion, I happened to be dining with Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

I had never mentioned the name of Marie Lloyd during our dinner, but suddenly to my astonishment Madame Bernhardt remarked to me—in the middle of an argument about art and artists: "You have only one great woman artist on the English stage. She is not simply great; she is wonderful. If you live long enough you will see a lot of great artists. But your Marie is supreme. She is England—she means all that England means. Her humour is real and unaffected. She never pretends. She lives through every song she sings. But do tell her that I hope she will not always be content to be funny. I want to see Marie Lloyd in tragedy. Then you English people will understand what tragedy acting means."

With all due humbleness I endorse every word that Sarah Bernhardt said. The sincerity of Marie Lloyd will express itself in either tragedy or humour, and it will express itself in natural genius.

We spend so much of our time in praising foreign theatrical artists, that it is quite a relaxation to devote a few moments to a purely British artist and her work.

Do you remember "Our Marie" when she sang such songs as "Wink the Other Eye"? Has there ever been a more delightfully roguish sprite on the English stage? Has America or France or Germany ever sent us anything better? I have never seen any. And then in the same light vein such songs as "Twiggy Voo" and "It's the Wrong Girl" were surely inimitable.

No one on the English stage in our generation, at least, has ever sung a more delightful child's number than "There They Are, the Two of Them on Their Own," and no one has ever given a more exhilarating exhibition of sparkling wit than "Our Marie" did when she sang "Everything in the Garden's Lovely."

Of course she possesses greater powers than those of mere humour; and I was reminded of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's prediction that she would one day make a great tragedienne when I heard her sing a comic song called "It's a Thing of the Past, Old Dear." The entire song had been written in the pure spirit of humour, and yet at the finish—intentionally or unintentionally—Marie Lloyd breathed into it a spirit of pathos which no one, except perhaps Mr. Albert Chevalier, has ever equalled on the music-hall stage.

I have quoted you a number of songs, and I could quote you others innumerable. That marvellous character-study of a middle-aged lady, who in the course of moving has lost her way in company with a "cocklinnet," has become as immortal a tradition of the English stage as the late Sir Henry Irving's performance in the "Bells." And then after this amazing character-study, "Our Marie," with a magic touch, transforms herself into the garb and livery of a young and youthful beauty.

Toying girlishly with a rope of pearls, a vision of delight in shimmering white satin, she coyly sings to us about her experience as a W.A.A.C. and as a W.R.E.N. Just put on a little red hood over the white-satin gown and she will be little Red Riding Hood again. All the long-past intervening years would have vanished; and perhaps in that statement I have given away Marie Lloyd's secret on the stage. It is a simple secret but a great one. She always makes you feel young.

It is not the habit of JOHN BULL as a rule to refer to people's private lives, but Miss Marie Lloyd is so vivid a public character, and has been so much discussed in the Press and our Law Courts, that I cannot refrain from referring to "Our Marie's" life off the stage, as well as to her exquisite art.

I have known her for many years, and have always known her as a good woman. She has been married three times, and her choices of marriage have not been uniformly happy. Yet she has always been a dutiful and forgiving wife. She has essential genius, sincerity and virtue.

Think of "Our Marie" as an artist and a woman who is typically British. Shakespeare would have loved her, and written a play about her. Dickens would have idolised her and written a novel about her.

The great brotherhood of John Bull will be content—not having the ability of writing either plays or novels—to think of her at this Christmastide—as an artist of genius and a woman of good will to all men, women and things.

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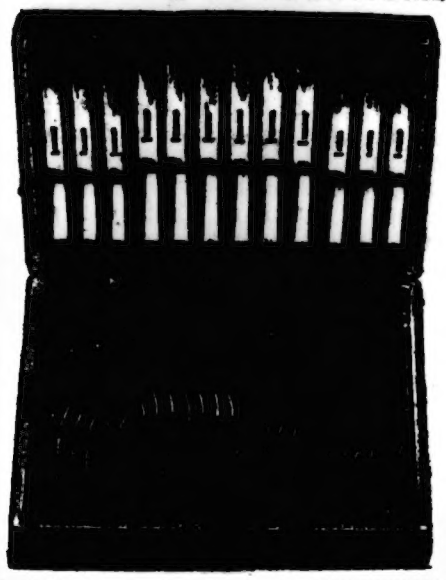

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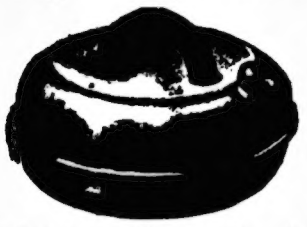

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Accept our Christmas Gift to YOU. See pages iii. of cover and 20.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P.

DEAR MR. BONAR LAW,—It was a real pleasure to see you back in the House last Thursday. If I am any judge of these matters, the volley of cheers with which you were greeted had little or nothing to do with politics, but simply voiced the satisfaction of the Members on all sides at seeing you so recovered in health as to be quite your old self again. Personally, I never doubted that, in regard to the Irish problem, you would accept the logic of events and range yourself on the side of the peacemakers. And now what about the future? If the doctors will allow you, I prophesy that you will play a big part in the next few years, even if you have to conduct your political operations from the more exalted benches of the House of Lords.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Carson of Duncairn.

MY LORD,—As was to be expected, you have got into terribly hot water over your speech in the House of Lords the other night on the Irish question, and as you certainly "asked for it" I don't suppose you are at all perturbed. I have always regarded you as an honest politician, and I believe that in this heated speech, which was in a sense the swan-song of Ulster as an obstructive force in Irish affairs, you sincerely spoke your mind. But it was a pity to import personal rancour into a political discussion; and in view of the almost excessive loyalty with which you have been always treated by your friends, it was a little ungenerous to say that you "hoped to lose them." But there, I don't suppose you meant it. It was a hot night, wasn't it?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. William Henley, Ladies' Football Association, Grimsby.

GALLANT SIR,—I agree with you that the action of the Football Association in refusing League grounds for Ladies' football matches will only stimulate the dear things to greater determination to play. It is no use saying they mustn't. The only course is to modify and adapt the game to suit them. A smaller playing area and a lighter ball will go a long way. Then teach them that real football is not mighty kicking and hefty charging, but a matter of skilled foot and brainwork. With proper rules and training, "footer" should certainly be no more harmful to a healthy girl with no organic defect than the daily scrimmage for a 'bus.

JOHN BULL.

To the Hartley Wintney Board of Guardians.

GENTLEMEN,—You appear to be Christians in the most genial sense of the word, and true sportsmen into the bargain. Your decision to provide the Workhouse inmates this Christmas with roast beef, tobacco, snuff, a Christmas tree and toys for the children, and, above all, *beer*, is a fine example which I hope will be copied by other Boards of Guardians throughout the land. Gentlemen of your type understand the meaning of the spirit of the season, and would have rejoiced the heart of Charles Dickens, the great apostle of Christmas cheer. A Happy New Year to you!

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Neville A. Pearson, Bart., St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, N.W.

DEAR SIR NEVILLE,—I rejoice to know that you intend to carry on the splendid work initiated by your late lamented father on behalf of the blind. Your appeal to the public for continued support will, I am convinced, not fall on unheeding ears. At this season of the year especially it should awaken a responsive echo in every heart, for it is meet that we who can look out with a clear vision on the manifold bounties of Providence this Christmastide should do our best to alleviate the sad lot of those to whom that privilege is denied. May St. Dunstan's go on and flourish, and may you live long worthily to fill the proud position your esteemed father made it his life's work to occupy and ennoble.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. William Heeks, Butcher, Grant Road, Battersea.

DEAR WILLIAM,—You are the kind of die-hard I admire. You were summoned at the South-Western Police Court for causing an obstruction. It appears that you were distributing meat to the children of the unemployed. Those who were without money got it gratis, and others were charged but a few pence—four pounds for threepence! You claimed that you could not keep the people away, and that the other butchers were jealous. Which does not surprise me. "What can I do?" you asked. "I know what I can do," the Magistrate replied, "and that is to fine you ten shillings." But you are an obstinate fellow, William, and it takes a lot to dam the stream of your generosity. "May I make a gift to the poor-box?" you inquired. But you shall have your reward when the children open their little mouths and call you blessed.

JOHN BULL.

To Charles Lexton, Sunderland.

SILLY FELLOW,—You will go and commit suicide once too often, if you are not very careful. Accidents will happen, and if you tie a rope to a beam and make a nice running knot which fits your stupid neck, you have all the possibilities of a workmanlike finish. And one of these days the kind friends who struggled twenty minutes to upset the programme may have business elsewhere, and you will find you have been and gone and done it! Now, pull yourself together; remember you have family responsibilities, and that though things look black to-day, there well may be sunshine to-morrow. So *don't do it again!*

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. F. Simmons, Vicar of Dawlish, Devonshire.

DEAR MR. SIMMONS,—It is good to see the brethren dwelling in amity and helpfulness together. I understand your visit as a speaker at a meeting in Dawlish Wesleyan Schoolroom establishes a precedent. True, it was a temperance meeting, but I have nothing to say against temperance meetings if and when they are conducted in temperance. You were candid enough to tell your audience that "Dawlish is a temperate place, and it is not common to see a drunken man in its streets." I know you give that character to Dawlish not because it is a town of prohibitive pumpuritans, but because it is a town which takes its liquor to gladden its heart, not to fuddle its mind. Too much of a good thing is good for nobody.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Tattersfield, Agricultural Laboratory, Rothamstead, Hertfordshire.

BRAVE SCIENTIST,—You are the hero of a deed that does credit to your profession. It appears that, during an experiment in the laboratory, a flame round a cylinder of hydrogen developed excessive heat. The cylinder threatened to explode, in which case the workers in the laboratory would have been blown to pieces. A rope was thrown round the cylinder, but this was instantly burnt through—and then at the critical moment you seized the zinc bath which contained the cylinder, carried it into the garden and by pouring water on it prevented it from exploding. Although one of your hands was severely burnt, you allowed the incident to pass off with amazing modesty. It becomes you well, but were it within my power to award you the V.C., you would have it to-morrow. Men like you are rare.

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Peace pudding is fine fare—
We've only one suggestion;
And that's the thought that George's sort
May give some indigestion!

John Bull his worries drops,
Although he's little reason
Beyond the fact that we all act
The same at this glad season!

Although it's rather late,
Asquith does now aver
That justice has not yet been done
To brave Lord Kitchener.

They now are looking black,
But soon will change their hue;
For there's a good time coming
For them and me and you!

A Heart-to-Heart Chat with Mr. Bottomley in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED weekly.

"PUSSYFOOT IN BOOTS."

A POTTED PANTO.

By Walter Moore.

SCENE: the purr-lieus of the Houses of Parliament.

ACT I.

Chorus of CITIZENS:
Rule, Britannia!
Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be sl—.

Enter (*from below*) PUSSYFOOT-IN-BOOTS:
Shurrup!—
When Britain rose from out the sea
(Some say at Heaven's command)
Who thought that in its destiny
I'd some day take a hand?
But so it's proved: and though you shout
In scorn of slavery,
There's really not the slightest doubt
You all are slaves to me!

Enter Spirit of LIBERTY:
Be not too sure; or, rather, wait and see!
You've still to reckon, Pussyfoot, with me!

PUSSYFOOT-IN-BOOTS:
Reckon with *you*? Don't make me laugh!
You're dead!
Clear out of this, and seek your grave instead.

LIBERTY:
Not quite so fast! Behold, I still have power
To save my people at the latest hour!
The British Parliament I now invoke (*waves her wand*):
Ah, you may smile, but this you'll find no joke.
[*Enter Chorus of M.Ps.*
My faithful servitors, I look to you—
Restore the freedom so long overdue!
These are not children, mark you! They are men
Entitled to refreshment after ten!
Pass with all speed the necessary Bill.

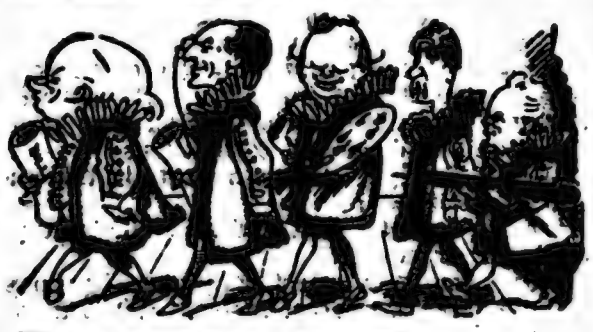
Chorus of M.Ps.:
We will! We will!! WE WILL!!! WE WILL!!!! WE WILL!!!!!
[*Exeunt.*

CITIZENS:
Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!!
[*Exeunt, with Spirit of* LIBERTY.

PUSSYFOOT-IN-BOOTS:
The first move goes to her, I must admit;
But plot so simple I will soon outwit!
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Chorus of CITIZENS:
The Bill has passed! 'Tis now an Act!
And no one can dispute the fact!
Soon we'll be free until eleven
To quaff a tankard in a tavern!



'Tis a concession rather small,
But better far than none at all.
'Tis not so much that we desire
Time to drink more than we require,
But that we like to feel that we
Have what we fought for—liberty!
[*Dance.*

Enter (*from below*) PUSSYFOOT-IN-BOOTS:
Ha, ha! poor, foolish dolts! And do you dream
That things will prove exactly what they seem?
I snap my fingers at your stupid Act!
The idiots who drew it should be sacked!
Despite that pretty lady, Liberty,
Don't for one moment think you've done with me!

CITIZENS: (*Air*, "Omaha.")
Oh, ha-ha!
Oh, ha-ha!
Hear old Pussyfoot's big bluff!
Though you are Swank's bright star,
Don't you think we had enough?
Get out of here,
Sworn foe of beer!
Oh, ha-ha! Oh, ha-ha!
You will find your job too tough!
[*Exeunt.*

PUSSYFOOT-IN-BOOTS (*enraged*):
They ridicule my threats, confound and blow 'em!
But let 'em wait a bit, and I'll soon show 'em!
Abracadabra! Ye Chairmen all
Of London's Licensing Benches, I call!
When I say "all," I mean all of those
Who extended hours for drink oppose:
Haste to me here without delay—
There's something I rather want to say!

Enter Pussyfoot Chairmen of London Licensing Benches *in ridiculous haste.*

CHAIRMEN:
Hail, mighty Chief! Our pendant ears
Your promised words await!
Hast called us to confirm our fears
Or make our souls elate?

PUSSYFOOT-IN-BOOTS:
Oh, *do* shut up! My thoughts you're only baulking:
You've come to listen: *I* will do the talking.
Now, let your long ears hearken: a new Act
Has very recently become a fact.
This monstrous statute—save us from it, heaven!—
Extends the closing hour until eleven!
That's the intention of the Act, no doubt,
But those who drafted it left something out!
It does not say the hour eleven *must* be—
And that's where *you* come in, it seems to me!
Whip up each local temperance crank and faddist—
The least enthusiastic to the maddest—
Persuade them to attend your Bench next Session,
And bitterly oppose the Act's concession:
Armed with their opposition, you will then
Pronounce your local closing hour—ten!

CHAIRMEN:
Oh, what a great idea!
We've got it, never fear!
Your bold suggestion fills us with content!
On Freedom to encroach.
We'll straightway drive a coach
And horses through this Act of Parliament!
[*Dance and exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus of CITIZENS:
Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!—

Enter PUSSYFOOT-IN-BOOTS:
Oh, stop that stupid song! It's out of date;
It only makes a laughing-stock the State!
Apart from alcohol, you know, with me,
There's not a Briton who is truly free!
Still are you destined to endure the chains
For this one reason—you're devoid of brains!
That's where we cranks and faddists score.
(I notice no one says *encore!*)

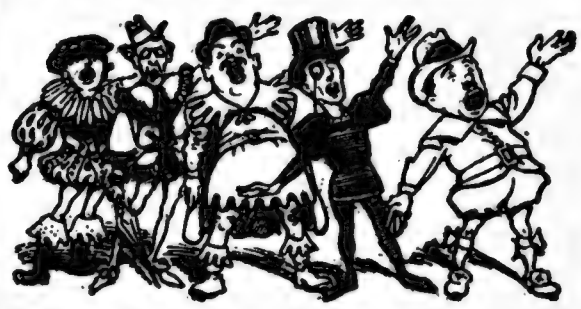
Enter Spirit of LIBERTY:
Encore? I should think *not*, indeed!
You parasitic, noxious weed!
One question only let me ask—
What do you carry in your flask?
One question only, did I say?
Good sooth, I have a fine array!
Now, tell me this: before you left
The States, were you of sight bereft
In that one eye, which *you*, you wag,
Said was knocked out in that students' rag?

PUSSYFOOT-IN-BOOTS:
That is a question I decline to answer.

SPIRIT OF LIBERTY:
Then all that I can say is, you're no man, sir!
Tell me—although you'll lie, I fear—
Do you take whisky?

PUSSYFOOT-IN-BOOTS:
Only by ear!

SPIRIT OF LIBERTY:
Curse him! He beats me still, the cunning knave!
Alas, my people, each is still a slave!



Once more has Pussyfoot-in-Boots succeeded
In scotching the reform so sorely needed.
Since me by shameful means has he defeated,
Like children still you're destined to be treated.
I've done my bit. Once more I'll help you—*when*
You give your tyrants proof that you are *me*,
Not infants—to be sent to bed at ten!
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Accept our Christmas Gift to YOU.—See pages iii. of cover and 20

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

A MERRY JEST OR TWO AND OF WISE WORDS A FEW.

Yule and You!

That is the first motto out of JOHN BULL.'s Christmas crackers. It is a wish that every reader may find happiness, peace, good fortune and contentment during the New Year. For we must not let the Germans enjoy *all* the blessings of peace. Even the victors—or the people who won the war—want their little share in hard times like these.

Most of our little friends are hoping that Santa Claus will drop something into their stockings or into the family letter box when he calls round on Christmas Eve. I do not share their hope. If Santa Claus when he visits our ancestral home will take one or two communications out of the letter box I shall be obliged. If he would as a favour masquerade, just for once, as a first-class burglar and relieve me from any command notes from the Income Tax Dictators, I shall regard our old friend Santa as a genuine friend!

Motto for the tax tyrants. Nothing succeeds like excess.

Germany's new game. Take and Put. She puts nothing in the commercial pool, but she is always taking out. In fact, thanks to our "good friends" at Washington and elsewhere, no matter how the little top which the Great Powers are spinning on the plate of world destiny happens to fall, it is always the case of "Take All" for Germany.

In other words the *H*un takes the *B*un.

You see, we won the war but we lost the peace. I sympathise with a lady friend from the New Cut who seeing a neighbour, magnificent in feathers and finery, take her family to the local picture palace, observed to a friend: "Well, I don't blame her. The war must come to an end sooner or later. These good times can't last for ever!"

Another motto out of our Christmas crackers. This time it is for the young Knuts of the period. "A miss is as good as her smile."

There seems to be talk of scrapping the British Navy. Well, if a few hardships are scrapped you and I sha'n't worry.

Our friend Talbot O'Farrell tells me that he will alter the name of his famous song—"The Tears of an Irish Mother"—if the compact of peace between the Irish Free State and Great Britain is finally settled and ratified. It will be:—"The Cheers of an Irish Mother" in the future.

And three cheers, too! One for Britain, one for Erin, and one for the "Right little, Tight little Empire"! Now, all together!

Motto for the young worshippers of Graven Images:—Love is Idol Talk."

When I met our only George Graves last week I asked him to give us a Christmas cracker—in other words, a little Christmas story for JOHN BULL. His first story he told me was in a sense rather a sad one. One Christmas morning a few years ago George met a theatrical friend of the old school who had been burying a mutual acquaintance of them both. "Were there many at the funeral," asked George quietly.

"Many!" replied the old actor, who for the moment forgot that he was talking about a funeral and not about a theatrical production; "Many! Why, my dear George, we simply turned them away!"

Dean Inge has been complaining that the word "joy" has almost disappeared from the English language. Let him speak for himself. We are all a little tired of the Dean and Dingeness. The youngsters still enjoy their joy-rides while the Dean "dinges."

A heartfelt motto from the taxpayers to our taxmasters:—"We are dying beyond our means!"

I met our good friend Marie Lloyd the other day and congratulated her on her recovery from a recent serious illness. "Well, I'm a little bit reduced," said Marie, referring to her figure, "but I shall soon pick up weight again—on treasury day after Christmas." Good luck!

And now no more stories of happy Christmases past and gone. May all true and loyal British workers be spared for happy Christmases to come!

Let us toast each other in British beer without a Government taint in it. Here's to you and to all of us!

Yule and You!

"YORICK."

AT THE FESTIVE BOARD.

SMALL TALK AT THE TABLES OF THE GREAT.

At Chequers.

Who says pudding, whateffer?

What an absurd question! Why, *all* of us!

A little more respect to your father, my dear, if you don't mind. Consider the position he occupies in the State.

Oh, all right, mum. But we don't want dad's position in the State, as you call it, pushed down our throat on Christmas Day, do we?

Now, my boy, don't speak like that to your mother. No son who has seen the sun rising on the Welsh hills (as I have so often remarked) should speak with other than the most perfect courtesy to the parent who bare—or is it bore?—him. At the present moment, when the storm clouds are gathering thickly in the North, South, East and West, and the murky air is stabbed with fiery shafts of . . . .

Oh, dry up, dad, for goodness' sake! You're not addressing a meeting, you know.

Gwylym! Oh, I *am* surprised at you! Fancy speaking to father like that! But we've noticed a change in you ever since you were adopted Liberal candidate for Pembrokeshire. You're not going to get a swelled head, surely?

Oh, shut up, Megan! No one asked *you* to butt in.

And is that how Army majors speak to their sisters, pray?

Come, come, children. Let's sing "Land of our Fathers," and restore the harmony. Then we'll have the snapdragon. . . .

At Bedford Square.

Herbert Henry, will you have a walnut?

No, thanks, my love. I would sooner have one of your chestnuts. My teeth are not—er—well—exactly—er—

Quite so. I made a note to that effect in my diary some time ago.

My *dear* Margot, what on earth do you want to record intimate personal details like that for? Not to speak of their triviality.

My dear man, *I* know what to supply my reading public with. I've got my finger on their pulse. They will simply gloat over the passage describing how, by Christmas, 1921, your teeth were too far gone to eat walnuts.

H'm. Rather rotten for me, though. Humiliating, and all that.

Nonsense. Don't you worry. You'll be dead before I publish again. By the way, Herbert, I wish you would write to Bibesco and ask him to exercise some sort of control over that girl of ours. She must not be allowed to write such books.

I quite agree, my dear. That last one of hers *was* a bit on the sultry side, wasn't it? I *was* surprised. To think that a daughter of mine—

Oh, for goodness' sake don't start moralising. What *I'm* concerned about is that she may spoil my market. Two authors in one family is too much of a good thing. Pass the port, there's a good man. . . .

At Sussex Square.

Daddy, pull this cracker with me! . . . Oh, it's a pretty hat! Put it on, daddy!. . . How funny! Oh, you *do* look silly, daddy——

I say, Clementine, the children are getting a bit familiar, aren't they?

Oh, don't worry, Winston, dear. You know they always laugh at your hats—and, really, my dear, you can't blame them for that. You *will* wear such absurd things.

My love, I can afford to. The eccentricities of genius are always justified. Do you think I should have been Colonial Secretary to-day if I hadn't made myself conspicuous?

Daddy, daddy! Here's a motto in this one! What does it say?

"A big head and little wit." What are you smiling at, my dear?

Was I smiling? Just happiness, I suppose.

Daddy, here's another motto. What does it say, please?

"War makes thieves, and peace hangs them." H'm. The second half of that motto doesn't seem to apply to-day, unfortunately. Oh, well; this is the season of peace and good will. Let's have some music, my dear.

No Sportsman should be without SUNDAY SPORTS TELEGRAM.

. . . . . and you'll find a laugh like that, John, on every page of this week's

PASSING SHOW

Every Monday——2d. *Get a copy to-day.*

THE PRICKLES C

"A Merry Christmas"—The Feast of Brotherhoo

By THE E

WHAT a wonderful institution Christmas is, to be sure, and how its magic seems to transform our drab winter streets and lend to all it touches the glamour of Fairyland! Here, surely, is one of the deep spiritual things which the calipers of the scientist can never measure, and which not all the wit of the philosophers can help us to understand. To my mind, this Christmas of ours with its rich heritage of good cheer and good fellowship, coming down to us from the best days of Merrie England, is one of the most wonderful, as it is certainly one of the most beautiful, of institutions. In part, of course, it is a religious festival, and I have no quarrel with those who, at this season of the year, choose to celebrate the Christ Mass according to the tenets of their creed; but Christmas is bigger than any Church, greater than any religion, nobler than any structure of belief. It is the Festival of Human Brotherhood, and whatever form or fancy our religious faith may take, it is upon the altars of Humanity that our richest gifts are laid. No decent man thinks only of himself when the Christmas bells are ringing out their ancient message, and the spirit of good cheer invades every corner of the land. None can resist the spell of the Season. In the all-pervading air of good fellowship which exists it is easier to be generous than greedy, friendly than frigid, cordial than cold. For my own part, it is in a spirit of deep sincerity that I extend to every reader the old, old wish—a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

The Needy Ones.

Yet no sooner have I written the words than I am brought sharp up against the ugly truth that for many thousands of my fellow-countrymen and women—owing to the grinding pressure of poverty—this Christmas will be robbed of its gaiety. It is very sad, of course, and many of us, no doubt, will be tempted to shrug our shoulders and say that "it can't be helped," and with that, pass on to the consideration of pleasanter things, more in harmony with the spirit of Christmastide. But that is hardly "playing the game"—is it?—and we shall enjoy our Christmas fun with a quieter conscience if we have spared at least a thought—which costs so little, after all—for the "bottom dogs." At any rate, I can think of no more suitable theme for our little chat this week, and I fancy that before we have done I shall have earned the approval of all. The greatest modern apostle of Christmas was Charles Dickens, whose "Christmas Carol" is not only a classic of Yuletide literature, but one of the greatest human documents ever penned. And it is a curious coincidence that Dickens hated the Poor Law and its works with all the fervour of his soul, and found nothing too bad to say about our dealings with those who, through age or infirmity, were consigned to its tender mercy. No doubt, things have improved a good deal, yet I fancy that if Charles Dickens were alive to-day his burning protest would still be heard in the land.

Frozen to Death.

As far as my researches have gone, I can certainly find nothing which entitles us to assume the air of the Pharisee and declare that, as regards the treatment of the poor, "all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds." I have come across cases of anguished old age which will well repay attention if they but serve to soften some of the hard hearts that dwell in Whitehall. At the beginning of this month of festivity and rejoicing, the following paragraph appeared in a London newspaper. I give it as it stands—naked and unadorned—in the hope that some who read it may be stung with a sense of shame that such things should happen within the sound of the Christmas bells. Here it is:—

FROZEN TO DEATH IN A DITCH.

TRAGEDY OF A WORKLESS VETERAN.

> A pitiful tragedy of want was disclosed at Rotherham yesterday, when John Thomas Ralphs, aged seventy, of Field Lane, was found frozen to death in a ditch by the side of the road.
>
> Ralphs was a moulder by trade, but had suffered owing to the lack of employment in the industry—and was out of work.

Just that, and nothing else. Nobody seems to know any more—or seems to care. Yet here, surely, is enough to arouse a sense of fierce indignation in the mind of any man or woman with a spark of human feeling. It is impossible to pass by a tragedy of this sort without a word of comment, unless we are to confess ourselves barbarians and admit that Christmas is nothing better than a painted sham. In the next few days, I am happy to know, there will be many thousands of old people enjoying their full share of the Season's cheer, and it will do us no harm to spare a thought for this poor old veteran, starved and frozen to death at the age of seventy, through the inhuman operation of our social laws. The plain truth is, of course, that we have never really emerged from barbarism in the treatment of our aged poor.

Anti-Waste Fanaticism.

It is only within the last few years that there has been any provision at all for the "veterans of industry," as they have been proudly styled; yet already it seems the "Anti-Waste" fanatics are brandishing their ruthless axe around the bowed heads of the Old Age Pensioners, whose pittance has never lifted them far from the verge of starvation. Only the other day, it was announced with a flourish of trumpets that £200,000,000 was to be lopped off the national expenditure, and that a reduction in the amount of the Old Age Pension had been gravely discussed by Sir Eric Geddes' Committee as a possible item in the scheme of economy. Well, I say deliberately, that if a finger is laid upon the slender income of the Old Age Pensioners it will be a shame and a disgrace to all concerned. Imagine the hardihood of a Government that, having squandered millions in Mesopotamia and wasted hundreds of thousands upon stupid and costly administration at home, seeks to retrench its follies and cover its failures by pilfering shillings

SIR ERIC (*Santa Claus*): "H'm, I'm afra'd I'll

ON THE HOLLY.

hood—Spare a Thought for the "Bottom Dog."

EDITOR.

from the pockets of the aged poor. Think of that poor old moulder of seventy, dishonoured and ignored by a callous and indifferent Government, freezing to death in a ditch while a Committee of well-fed bureaucrats cynically discuss the reduction of an Old Age Pension which has never been half big enough for the satisfaction of the simplest needs. In England and Wales, on March 25th last, there were 734,295 of these dear old people living—or starving—on ten shillings weekly by the grace of Geddes. And now, I suppose, it is suggested that, as they would starve quicker at seven and sixpence, it would be cheaper all round to cut down the pensions. It is a wicked, wanton shame.

The Curse of Charity.

And with what superabundant "charity" this Old Age Pension scheme is administered! I have cases on my files which should melt the heart of the stoniest bureaucrat. The first I come across is that of William Padoven, a veteran of seventy-eight, born in the Ionian Isles, during the occupation of that territory by the British. This honest fellow served well and truly in the British Navy for eighteen years, and enjoyed the proud distinction of waiting personally upon the late King Edward during His Majesty's tours abroad when Prince of Wales. One of his sons made the supreme sacrifice for his country in the South African War. Three others threw aside their civil prospects and rushed to meet the German challenge in August, 1914. Yet when the aged father of these brave lads claims the paltry pension of ten shillings a week, he is coolly and callously informed that birth in the Ionian Isles during the British occupation does not constitute British nationality and that his service in the Royal Navy counts for nothing. Therefore, his claim is disallowed, and for all the officials care, he may die in a ditch like the old moulder at Rotherham. If this is the law, it is high time it was altered; and if it is not, no reproach can be too severe for the callous officialdom which prefers the letter of red-tape regulations to the spirit of human goodwill. A little while ago, the North-Eastern Railway Company offered an increase in superannuation allowances to their aged servants, whereupon those of the men who were over seventy and in receipt of Old Age Pensions were informed by the Pensions Office that if they accepted the additional three shillings and sixpence awarded them by the Railway Company, four shillings would be taken off their State pensions. This cheese-paring economy at the expense of the poorest of the poor was bitterly commented upon the other day by Gen. Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien, who mentioned the case of a man well over seventy years of age who had lost two sons in the war and in consideration of this bereavement received an Army pension of ten shillings a week, but as a set-off to this was debarred from participation in the Old Age Pension scheme. "It really makes one's blood tingle" exclaimed the gallant General, and I confess that my own nearly boils as I reflect upon the profligate waste on the one hand—which it is meanly sought to expiate by this contemptible economy on the other—at the expense of the most defenceless section of the population.

ll have to begin to economise a bit now!"

The Poor Law Scandal.

There are some things which they do better in the Isle of Man, where I see that the Tynwald—as the local Parliament is called—has decided to extend Old Age Pensions to all persons who have attained the age of fifty, and who are permanently and totally incapacitated from following any employment. In this country, it is true, we have made a similar provision for the blind; but apart from this, the only alternative offered is the cold shelter of the workhouse, whose shadow darkens the lives of many worthy citizens, confessing to no crime but their poverty. How real and grim and terrible the spectre of "the Union" is to all but incorrigible vagrants perhaps only those who have been associated with the administration of charitable funds can realise. The honest poor will allow themselves to sink to almost any depths of despair and misery rather than seek the hospitality of its forbidding portals. I have known cases of almost unspeakable suffering silently endured for no other visible reason than a deep-rooted hatred of the workhouse and the stigma of pauperism. I do not for a moment wish to tar all officials or Guardians with the same brush, but that a great deal of callous inhumanity exists is, to my mind, beyond question.

Humaner System Wanted.

If I had to choose a Christmas slogan, I should say: "Scrap the Poor Law." It has outlived its usefulness, outgrown the needs of the community, and fallen miserably short of those great ideals of humanity to which at Christmas all sections of the public pay their whole-hearted tribute. I venture to hope that before long a statesman will arise with sufficient insight and imagination to envisage an entirely new method of dealing with the problem of poverty in such a way as to banish the hated stigma of pauperism and to preserve to every citizen that self-respect which is among the most priceless of moral possessions. The Poor Law, in its present shape, is condemned by every enlightened social thinker—and, what is still more significant, has not a single friend among the class it is intended to benefit. If our statesmen would only give their minds to the problem, I am sure a better system could be devised under which a callous and contemptuous officialism would have no chance to make sour curds of the milk of human kindness. But there, I have had my say, and I will not labour the point while the Christmas fires beckon us to make merry with our friends; but, as I said just now, we shall be none the worse for having spared a thought for the weaker brethren, for the outcast and the weary, for those whom no loving welcome entices home. I am not unmindful of the fact that it is the birth of the Great Teacher of Galilee that we celebrate at Christmas, and I have sound authority for the view that in its practical aspect true Christianity consists in "helping lame dogs over stiles."

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "The Wayfarer."

Our Twelve to Follow.

Our selected twelve horses to follow "over the sticks" this season show a very good return to backers so far. Nine have faced the starter up to the time of writing, and six of these have won. Our latest success was at Lingfield Park last Friday, when Halberdier scored at 5 to 4 against in a large and representative field.

The Racehorse's Doctor.

One of the most popular people connected with racing is Mr. John Coleman, the Epsom veterinary surgeon (see the sketch), who is a past-master in the art of patching up old crocks. A wonderful example of his cleverness is old Submit, who many years ago won the Cesarewitch, and now, thanks to Mr. Coleman's treatment, can show some of the younger ones how to jump hurdles. Pillo was another horse with which Mr. Coleman performed wonders, for the colt had broken down very badly. Mr. Coleman, however, pulled him round again, and he won the Ascot Gold Vase when trained by the late W. T. Robinson.

Tragic Coincidence.

When poor Fred Cheshire was killed through the fall of Cormac at Sandown Park, the last remaining link with Drinmore's City and Suburban victory passed away. It is a remarkable coincidence that the owner and trainer of Drinmore should also have met their deaths by accident, for Mr. G. Edwardes died as a result of a motor smash, and Pat Hartigan succumbed after a fall from an hotel window.

F. McCabe's Fine Record.

Although little known in this country, F. McCabe, who won a race on Catskin at Windsor recently, has a wonderful record in the saddle. He has ridden many winners in Australia, New Zealand and India. Last season "over the sticks" in India, McCabe headed the list of winning jockeys, and his other triumphs include two National winners in Australia and one in New Zealand.

Platonic's Last Race.

After a very active career on all sorts of racecourses, Platonic, the sixteen-year-old 'chaser, which gained its twenty-second victory when winning the Rays 'Chase at Windsor, is to retire for a well-earned rest. E. G. Goby, the Epsom trainer, is greatly attached to his old warrior, and the son of Snowflake and Golden Love never misses his daily treat of sugar and carrots from the trainer's daughters.

A Project Gone Wrong.

There is much turmoil in America over recent happenings connected with the International Sporting Club, which purchased property and was to build "the last word" in boxing clubs. One of the founders of the club has recently sailed away, and nobody can explain what has become of the £170,000 subscribed or collected by members. The club staged the Carpentier-Levinsky contest, and took £20,000 at the doors, yet a few thousands pounds were lost over the fight, though Carpentier received only £6,000 and Levinsky about £3,000. The committee of investigation was having a busy time when the last mail left.

Joe Beckett's Wish.

I believe Carpentier would have been perfectly willing to have met Joe Beckett before he had fixed up with George Cook—the contest is on January 12th, as you will remember—and it is certain that Cook was exceedingly anxious to meet the British heavy-weight champion. So that Beckett's hankering to meet the winner of the coming fight is rather belated, and it is certainly putting back his own problematical reappearance a couple of months. If a champion fiddles about in this manner, he has no right to complain if the public lose faith and interest in him.

A Wrong-headed Idea.

I have a great respect for Billy Ames, but he will do harm to the European bantam-weight champion, Tommy Harrison, if he insists that all Harrison's big contests shall take place at Hanley. If Harrison and Jim Higgins are definitely matched, Harrison will get absolutely fair dealing in London, which will be neutral ground to both men. To stipulate a "home" venue and always the same referee savours of something less than true sportsmanship.

Boxers Should Take No Risks.

Gus Platts, who took fifteen rounds to dispose of Pierre Nicholas, when all the time he gave the impression that he could have won by a knock-out, and not by points, is to meet Marcel Thomas at Hanley on Boxing Day. If Platts is wise, he will take no risks but finish the contest just as early as it is possible. If his trip to America has taught him to play to the gallery, than he would have done better to have stayed in England.

Three F.A. Cup Medals.

There are few men in present-day football who can lay claim to the possession of three F.A. Cup medals. George Hedley can. He is the old Sheffield United forward, who has seen service with Southampton, Wolverhampton Wanderers and Bristol City. He was in the Sheffield United winning teams of 1899 and 1902, and six years later on the Wanderers' side, when they carried off the trophy. Howard Spencer, the Villa right back, won his third Cup Final medal in 1905, ten years after his first. Lord Kinnaird gained five medals in his day, as did another Wanderer, C. H. R. Wollaston, and J. H. Forrest, of Blackburn Rovers.

Benefit for Secretary.

So Jack Robson is to have a benefit with Manchester United. He has a spendid record extending over almost forty years. His managerial career commenced, I believe, with Middlesbrough, and he then travelled south to Crystal Palace and Brighton and Hove before migrating to Manchester United, where he is now Secretary.

An Unusual Request.

F. Pagnam, who is now playing centre forward for Watford, has not had a very settled time this last three seasons. The Arsenal secured him from Liverpool, but he fell away after a promising start, and the Arsenal were not sorry to part with him to Cardiff. There, at his own request, Pagnam (sketch herewith) dropped out of the first team to play outside right in the reserves—an uncommon desire. He should be more suited to Third Division football, and I expect him to do good things for Watford.

Where the Game is Lacking.

I see that Ernest Needham thinks that present-day players are quite as good individually as those of fifteen and twenty years ago; that the game is faster; but that there is less combination. I am with him in that. The art of putting the ball to the feet of forwards, so that it can be taken in the stride, seems to have been lost by half-backs and backs. Lately, in order to seek knowledge, I have been making a tour of Third Division matches in the South, and I am sorry to say the standard of football is exceedingly poor

---

The Cue and the Pen.

The first week of his money match with Newman, the champion, left Willie Smith (whose sketch I give) on the high road to victory. Smith and Newman have had such a pen-and-ink controversy in the Press with Reece and each other, that one began to think they were wedded to the belief that the pen is mightier than the cue. But it is deeds on the table which count where billiard players are concerned, and the prospective success of the ex-champion over the champion will not rob the real championship of a tittle of interest.

Roper Barrett's Opposition.

In spite of the strong opposition of Roper Barrett, the Lawn Tennis Association passed a resolution—modified it is true—which should do something to eradicate delay in the progress of tournaments. There may have been only one glaring "incident" at Wimbledon, as Barrett said, but what of the smaller tournaments in the provinces where two or three of the big guns turn up and behave as if they rule the earth? And after all, even if there are no naughty children—as Barrett says—there is no harm in having a cane in the cupboard—*in case*.

A. D. Stocks Again.

The first of the Southern Counties hockey trials takes place at Kenley this week (the 21st inst.), and the second on January 5th. I am glad the Southern Counties H.A. have gone out of their way to give young and hitherto untried players a chance to show their abilities. But having said that, I am going to be "reactionary" enough, in this instance, to subscribe to the hope that A. D. Stocks will emerge from his shell and once more play inside right for England.

A Few Crackers.

Tom Gummer was never a great middle-weight belt holder, and I do not fancy his chances against Kid Lewis at the Dome, Brighton, on January 20th.

Brentford F.C. did a silly thing in asking men to leave work to attend a mid-week match. The F.A. have rightly censured J. F. Halliday, the Secretary, who should have known better.

England meets Wales at Cardiff on January 21st under R.U. rules. Already all the grand stand and reserved seats have been sold.

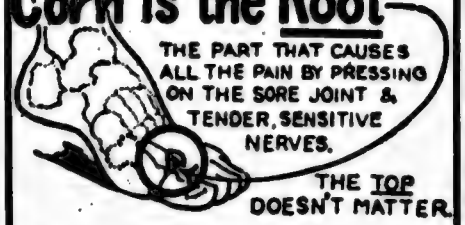
L. P. B. Merriman, after two months' absence, is to turn out for Blackheath on Christmas Eve, and C. N. Lowe and four Oxford Blues will assist the club on Boxing Day.

Miss E. Bleibtrey, the world's champion woman swimmer, appeared on the beach in Atlantic City in swimming costume, to play baseball. Because she hadn't stockings on she was ordered back into the pool!

All queries relating to sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Editor of "Sporting Life," in which paper answers will be given.

ALL Sporté Records in "THE SPORTING LIFE COMPANION" Now on Sale, 6d.

The Business End of a Corn is the Root



Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc., doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

Also it hurts and the root just sprouts right up again, so your corn soon has a brand new top on it bigger than ever. The top is only dead skin anyway. The business end of a corn is the little pointed part or core that extends down into the toe. That is what hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out. **A good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap.** Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers, and out it will come root and all. The refined Reudel Bath Saltrates costs very little, and any chemist will have it. A half-pound or so is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

THE STORY OF TOBACCO. *No. 12 Perfection.*

WHAT greater luxury can be imagined than a pipe of Player's "Country Life," sweet, cool, and fragrant—the product in the first place of high cultivation, and secondly of the choicest leaf procurable. If only those gallant adventurers, Lane, Drake and Raleigh, who first introduced tobacco to us could be alive to-day to enjoy it!

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HAVE YOU WEAK NERVES?

Are you easily tired?

Do you fail to carry out your ambitions?

Do you suffer from sleeplessness, the worry habit, heaviness of limbs, palpitation?

Have you indigestion, poor circulation, *does everything seem a trial and a care?*

If so, if you have any of the foregoing symptoms and if you are not the success you feel you ought to be, *you suffer from nerve weakness.* In which case you are cordially invited to write to me telling me your ailments and by return mail I will send you a remarkable book telling you how you can become fit and well by an inexpensive home method which has cured many thousands of sufferers including many advanced cases of shell shock. My diagnosis and opinion free of all charge, results permanent.

Write *TO-DAY*, before there is danger of a breakdown and enclose a 3d. stamp to—

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Health Specialist,

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Severe Eczema

Brought on by Sealing-wax Burn, Cured without scar, by Germolene.

Mr. W. P. Lyons.

Mr. W. P. Lyons, 23, Graham Road, Lower Edmonton, London, N., says:—"I had suffered with weeping eczema in the bend of my arm for over a year, and in less than a week, Germolene practically cured it—that is to say, all the terrible itching and heat had gone and healing soon followed. The trouble was caused by melted sealing-wax falling on my arms. In tearing it off the skin came with it, and it was after the healing of the burn that itching and weeping began. The arm became almost raw with eczema. Then it made its appearance on the other arm, and the pain and itching I endured were truly awful. Nothing did any good but Germolene. That, as I have said, cured completely, and now there is not a blemish on either of my arms."

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"John Bull" & Irish Peace.

In season and out, "John Bull" has been a warm advocate for Peace in Ireland, and, now that it is an accomplished fact, none are more overjoyed than the readers of this paper. Let those who can sing celebrate the glorious Peace with the great Peace Song. Sung with unfailing success whether in Public or at Home.

Accepted by Mr. Lloyd George and graciously acknowledged by him.

"The Tears of an Irish Mother"

Words by WORTON DAVID

Music by HORATIO NICHOLLS.

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MUSICAL DIRECTORS SHOULD SECURE BAND PARTS AT ONCE

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE MAGIC OF THE BELLS. — By LOUISE HEILGERS.

THE bells hung in the belfry, motionless, still, dark blobs of silence against the night stretching like a dark blue drum behind them.

There was nothing to show that, in less than an hour now, they would wake from their slumber and make the whole world around ring with their joyful clamour.

Down the long, white high-road unwinding like a ribbon in the black night all about it, past the little church with its sleeping belfry, came a man, the sound of his footsteps echoing noisily in the silence.

As he passed he looked at the little church with a smile that was half a snarl disfiguring his lips, then suddenly the snarl died and only the smile remained as the night about melted all at once, like a transformation scene, into day.

A summer day, for there were pretty children in white strewing roses in the sunshine before a laughing bride, all in white too, with a filmy veil gleaming like gossamer upon her fair hair, and a great sheaf of yellow and white lilies spilling gold and silver on her gown.

The sunlight was in her eyes. . . .

It had been in her eyes ever since, while he, oh God, while he. . . .

The vision faded and the man who had been bridegroom to that bride one summer day walked on in the night with a face of granite and the gates of his heart locked to pity.

Pity? What pity did she deserve who had used him as a shield for her own sin and then flung him ruthlessly aside?

Iron gates, opening that morning, had let a man out of prison, but his spirit still walked in thrall.

Three years he had served in prison, expiating her crime. Hers had been the hand that had forged the cheque for which he had gone down into Hell; his body that had paid for it. And for every day that he had paid he hated her.

And now she was rich—the poverty that had been their curse for ever removed from her path, rich through the death of the very uncle she had wronged.

His uncle, not hers. His uncle, who disinherited him, had left it all to her.

Ah! but she was going to pay for it all. Almost rejoicingly he looked down at his rough, hardened hands that would so soon close round a soft white throat. . .

He had timed the moment of his return well. The servants all in bed, the house dark, only himself and his vengeance alert and awake.

He knew exactly how to get in. Through the big stained-glass window on the landing leading out from the hall. The catch had been defective for years. He didn't suppose for a minute it would have been mended. . . . *And it wasn't.*

"How—how you have changed," he heard her say then, gently, almost timidly.

He gave a little low laugh at that, harsh and exceedingly bitter.

"I'm what you—and love—have made me." His face contracted grimly as he looked from her radiant self to the unprepossessing figure he represented in the uncouth clothes he wore.

Anger enveloped him like a flood as he turned towards her.

"You'll look pretty, too, when I'm through with you," he almost shouted. "What do you think I've come for to-night, except to—except to. . . ."

He heard her catch her breath with a sudden frightened gasp as he took a swift step forwards.

"Except to—what?" He saw her shiver as she repeated the words dully.

He stared at her brutally.

"To make you pay for the three years you've cheated me out of, for the money you're robbed me of, for the honour you've made an empty word, and the love you've sacrificed," he said hardly, "and there's only one way to make a woman pay—you've got to make her suffer in herself—she's not afraid of anything else. . . . you've got to——"

His vision once more faded, as suddenly from everywhere the Christmas bells began to ring. . . .

"Peace on earth, good will to men. . ." The room was full all at once of the passionate clamour. "Peace on earth—forgive—forget. ."

As he crept through the window his foot kicked against an immense Chinese vase that went over with a crash.

He heard a quick movement from the room just beyond. A flood of light clicked from somewhere into yellow flare; he found himself suddenly looking full into the eyes of his wife.

"Richard——"

She came forward slowly, staring at him as if she had seen a ghost, one little hand—the hand with his wedding ring upon it—at her throat, her blue eyes bright with——

Fear, surprise or some other emotion? He could not decide. He only knew that at that moment she seemed to him more beautiful than ever—a creature of white and rose and gold, with eyes as blue as the Virgin's mantle, and the little coral mouth of a child in its cradle.

"Richard—you!" She drew a long breath. "Come in here. . ." She retired slowly into the room from which she had just come. As a man in a dream he followed.

"The Christmas bells, Richard. . ." As in a mist he saw her come towards him pleadingly—"I'm sorry for what I've done," he heard her say brokenly then. "I've always been sorry—sorry and afraid. It was because I was afraid I never came near you all those years—afraid that even there behind those dreadful bars you might yet denounce me as the thief. I—I always was a coward, you know. . ." Emboldened by his stillness she came a little nearer.

"Love means forgiveness just as much as punishment," he heard her say then—"listen to those bells." She flung out a little hand on which the ring glittered like dew-drops in the sun. "They're saying 'Richard—forgive'; if you'd only listen hard enough to hear. . . ."

"You're wrong." He took another swift step forward. "They're saying 'Richard has forgiven.' I took you for gold and you're only painted tin. But, girl, you're beautiful—and I love you."

Cheek pressed to cheek, like two children come out of the dark into the light, they clung together.

And still the Christmas bells rang merrily, as if they knew not only that Christmas had come again to earth, but love once more to a human heart.

PRESENTS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

A FEW SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

H.M. THE KING.—A bright emerald firmly set in his crown.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.—A safe return and what we all wish him but must leave to his choice.

SIR JAMES CRAIG.—A comfortable overcoat.

MR. DE VALERA.—A Spanish onion.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—A Christmas Box on the ear and a boot-tip somewhere else.

THE HOME SECRETARY.—A picture of Portland, painted in true colours.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.—An old hat, since he can't find a new one to fit him.

MR. ASQUITH.—A book, a flask of wine, and "Thou."

LORD DERBY.—A winner next year.

LORD CARSON.—Some soothing syrup.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE.—A paper cocked hat, a picture of Napoleon, and a sound-proof playroom. Hang the expense!

LORD READING.—A stiff peg. He'll need it.

LORD BIRKENHEAD.—A double ditto. He'll need it too, after being on the water-wagon for a year.

SIR CHARLES DARLING.—More laughing gas.

MR. MELBOURNE INMAN.—A long rest.

ALL OUR READERS.—Billets for their Bullets.

LET'S GET TOGETHER.

Let's get together, friends, and be
Convivial and Christmassy!
Enjoy our turkey, beef, or chickens,
With the fine gusto of Charles Dickens.

Let's drop all enmities and spites
And think of those ambrosial nights
When, pipe in hand, and glass beside us,
We dared dull trouble to bestride us!

Let's take the children on our knee,
Married or single though we be,
And, rich and rare though Christmas food is,
Load them right up with various goodies.

Let's pull the cracker, crack the jest,
And get those old yarns off our chest!
Let's eat our fill, and tell the tale,
And wash both down with English ale!

Because, no matter what our creed,
On one thing let us be agreed—
And that is this: in Winter's smother
To help a stranger, friend, or brother.

So, get together, friends, and be
Convivial and Christmassy,
We'll eat turkey, beef, or chickens
With the fine gusto of Charles Dickens!

THE ACCEPTANCE.

AN EVERY-DAY TRAGEDY.

For a while he was alone.

But others—strangers—persons with whom he had not the slightest acquaintance—soon put that right. Too soon.

In other words, in less time than it takes to tell the tale he was no longer alone. As history relates, he had been joined by others.

And he didn't like it.

Their faces were too masculine. So far as he could see, they had taken no care with them while they were warm.

Nevertheless—and we can't go farther back than that—he endured it. But he collected the pieces—that is to say, pulled himself together.

And then SHE entered.

She spoke no word. But he hoped someone else would. But none did. The way of life!

And when someone does, it doesn't always fit into the picture. But we are digressing.

He looked around. There were stronger men than himself there—physically. They made no move. Their eyes were fixed on the "late night special." He, the son of a clergyman, had no choice.

"Will you take my seat?" he asked, in his ingratiating voice. She did.

Luckily, he was alighting at the next station. So that was that.

Accept our Christmas Gift to YOU. See pages iii. of cover and 20.

TO REGULATE THE LIVER SO IT NEEDS NO DRUGGING.

"Stop dosing all the year round with strong, habit-forming and liver-irritating cathartic drugs. Instead, try this more natural and lasting way. Then you can soon forget you have a liver," says ALFRED SHRUBB, Champion Runner and holder of 9 World's Records.

If a drug is so powerful that a few grains will irritate the liver or bowels to violent convulsive action, it is powerful enough to do other even less desirable things. It is like whipping a tired horse, and the use of strong cathartic stimulants can only be followed by weakening reactions which call for constantly stronger doses. I am also convinced that greasing the intestines by dosing with oils which hasten the passage of food but prevent the thousands of absorbent glands from acting upon it to extract nourishment is another common but very serious mistake. Like any other filter, the liver should be thoroughly flushed out and cleansed occasionally. It secretes about one and three-quarter pints of bile daily. Any congestion or obstruction of the ducts and consequent derangement of the bile flow will give rise to one or more of such troubles as biliousness, headaches, lassitude, stomach trouble, rheumatism, skin disease, coated tongue, fœtid breath, and a host of other disorders, some of them seldom attributed to a disordered liver. Call body poisons whatever you like, germs, microbes, bacilli, toxins, uric or stomach acids, etc., etc., but they are all simply impurities and form the primary cause of most diseases. Few will doubt the truth of this, but if any sufferer from the above ailments does feel sceptical, he can easily get rid of his doubts and his ailments at the same time by thoroughly flushing his system a few times with the strongly alkaline water produced by adding Alkia Saltrates to plain water. There is no need of visiting some expensive hot alkaline spring to free the system of impurities. Simply invest in some of the Alkia Saltrates compound which any chemist can supply at little cost. A teaspoonful dissolved in a tumbler of water, taken two or three times a day for a week or so, should be all you need. It has no bitter, salty, sour or otherwise unpleasant taste.

Alfred Shrubb

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

12/- per line. (Minimum 3 lines.)

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 58 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of Samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contrs., Lavender Hill, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30s.; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

LADIES, save money, make your own gloves, hats, Dorothy bags, table centres. I sell nice leather in all colours at 1/3 per sq. ft. Send 2d., additional envelope, full set patt.—Catt, Leather Merchant, Northampton.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-skilled men for training and skilled tradesmen for many trades required, including vulcanisers, motor drivers, fitters, etc. Ages 18 to 38 ex-Servicemen and 18 to 28 civilians. Men over 30 must be skilled. Pay commences at rates between 3/- and 5/6 per day, according to trade. Marriage allowance paid to married men of 26 years of age and over, with allowance for children.—For particulars, write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, Crown Bldgs., James Watt St., Birmingham; or 298, Bath Street, Glasgow; or 11, St. Anne Street, Liverpool; or 15, Old Town Street, Plymouth.

AUTOMATIC Rug-Machine. Makes wool or cloth rug in an hour. Forms profitable hobby. Extra strong. Price 2/9 (postage 3d.).—Send now, 3/- P.O. to E. J. R. and Co. (Dept. J.B.), 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

A B C GUIDE to Drapery & Remnant Trade, Worth Pounds. For Shopkeepers, Dealers and Beginners. Big Stocks of Prints, Hosiery, Ladies' Overalls, Towels, Sheets, Travellers' Samples, etc. Genuine bargains. Make money. Big Catalogue Free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

LONDON TURF EXPRESS, 6-1., Tuesdays.—Racing and Football, "John Bull" £2,000 Prize aids. Obtainable Smith's stalls. Direct (6d.), from 55, Red Lion St., W.C.1, or newsagent. (No. 1 a huge success.)

AXMINSTER RUG WOOL, all colours, 2/8 lb. Samples and illus. instructions free.—Stoddart's, Dept. S., Empire Works, Halifax.

A WONDERFUL BARGAIN.—The new STRAKER-SQUIRE "SIX."—Write for particulars to Straker-Squire, Ltd., Edmonton, N.18.

A SPORTING PROPOSITION. — The STRAKER-SQUIRE "SIX."—Send a card for list to Straker-Squire, Ltd., Edmonton, N.18.

A BRILLIANT PERFORMER. — The STRAKER-SQUIRE "SIX." Write for particulars to Straker-Squire, Ltd., Edmonton, N.18.

ALWAYS the best & still the best TO-DAY

For making the lightest, most digestible and appetising Bread, Cakes, Pastries, Puddings and Pies.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

has had an unrivalled reputation all over the world for nearly 80 years.

Super-Tested Seeds . Seeds

Send now for Catalogue of **FOGWILL'S** SUPER-TESTED SEEDS AND PARTICULARS OF NOVEL **Competition**

Fogwill's Seed House Guildford, Surrey

SEEDS

Phillips 'Military'

SOLES & HEELS.

Men's Stout ...	5/6
,, Light ...	4/6
Youths'	4/-
Ladies'	3/-
Small Children's	2/-

per set.

Supplied with new type of light tacks for quick and easy fixing.

HEELS ONLY.

Men's Stout ...	2/-
,, Light ...	1/6
Ladies'	1/-

per pair.

FIXING EXTRA.

Keep your feet warm and dry in winter. Save pounds in a year.

Give ease and comfort to walking.

Phillips RUBBERS "Last the time of three"

OF ALL BOOTMAKERS.

OFFICERS' ARMY TRENCH COATS AT 75/- EACH

Quite 50% below present-day prices

These goods can never be duplicated at the price.

Brand New, Triple-proof Gabardine, check lining, oil-skin *inter*-lining (not rubber, which is perishable), and with detachable All-wool fleece lining. **Four Coats in One.**

These Coats are direct from the Liquidation and Disposal Commission and are guaranteed to be as described above.

They are impervious to weather. Worn with the fleece lining, they combine the warmth and comfort of an ulster with the rain-resisting qualities of a stout mackintosh. With this lining detached, they are a light, elegant raincoat. Thousands of officers and ex-officers testify to their worth.

When existing stocks are exhausted, it will be impossible to buy a genuine officer's army trench coat at anything like this price. There are no REAL Officers' Army Trench Coats on the Market at anything like it. The public should not confuse this coat with cheaper, rubber-solutioned coats which will not stand hard wear.

When ordering, state height and chest measurement over waistcoat. Also state whether Coat is required in Military style or adapted for civilian wear. In the latter case the shoulder straps and the brass D's on belt are removed. All Orders must be prepaid, and if the coat does not give complete satisfaction money will be at once refunded without question, provided garment is returned undamaged within seven days.

Cheques, Money Orders and Postal Orders should be crossed Barclays Bank Limited. Treasury Notes should be registered.

GEORGE WESTON & CO.

Clothing Contractors, "Moneyback" Merchants.

(Dept. J.B.),

Offices - - - - 1, BATH ROAD, HOUNSLOW

Warehouse and Stores - INVERNESS ROAD, MIDDLESEX

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL*—i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. PATRICK HASTINGS, K.C.

OOD arfternoon, sir; wot can I 'ave the pleasure? . . . Shave? Yes, take this chair. The weather ain't too seasonable jest now, is it, sir? It ain't invigorating. Makes yer feel yer want a sort o' stimulant. I don't necessarily mean anythink in the drink line, but somethink to buck you up, such as a bit o' luck, or a good screw, or a letter from the Income Tax Commissioners to tell you thet you needn't worry about paying up this year. . . . . Oh, you thinks thet's an impossible thing. Well, p'raps it is, but it *is* the impossible things thet we dreams about, an' sometimes they comes true. I was thinkin' the other day thet if I 'adn't bin born a barber, so ter speak, I should 'ave lik'd to 'ave bin a lawyer. I tell you why I thought thet. A pal o' mine wot usually 'as 'is half-pint in one o' them pubs close to the Law Courts was tellin' me the other day about a young K.C. named Pat Hastin's. 'E sez, "Take it from me, 'e's the comin' man. Like yerself," 'e sez, "'e comes from quite 'umble parents. Matter o' fact, 'e worked as a navvy fer a time, but 'e'd got it in the brain-box. Then 'e took up journalism; then 'e took up the lore." 'E worked 'ard, as fur as I can understand, and 'e got 'is reward. Now, my pal sed ter me, "W'y shouldn't we 'ave 'ad the same sort o' luck? Becos thet's wot it is w'en you comes to weigh it up."

* * *

I sed I'd niver 'eard much about this Patrick Hastin's. He sed "Wot! Do you realise thet 'e is one o' the richest men at the Bar to-day. W'en he took silk, twelve months after, 'e'd got as many briefs as some o' the counsel wiv twelve years' experience! An' w'y? 'Cause 'e'd 'ad a varied experience o' life, not a dry-as-dust lawyer only. I am told thet 'e's got Parliamentary ambitions, too. But the funny part o' it is, although 'e's a lawyer 'e's a member o' the Labour Party, an' 'as bin adopted as candidate fer Wallsend at the next General Election." Well, my pal knows somethin' about these things, spendin' most of 'is time in the neighbourhood o' the Law Coorts, an' 'e went so fur as ter say thet Pat Hastin's stood a very good chawnce o' bein' appointed some day one o' the Law Officers o' the Crown in a Labour Government. O' course, I don't know anythin' about thet. Wot I mean ter say is this. There's a man wot started from nothin', so ter speak. 'E broadened 'is mind by workin' as a navvy, an' servin' in the ranks. 'E takes up the lore, an' 'e makes a better do o' it than many a bloke wot's come straight from the Universities to the pertickler Inn wot 'e chooses. . . .

* * *

Flatterin'? I don't know about thet, sir. 'E ain't 'ere to 'ear, so it don't matter. . . . Eh? 'e is? Now, you don't mean to say, sir, as *you're* the gen'l'man? . . . Well, I'm very pleased to meet yer. I 'ope you'll go on an' make good. I never thinks a little encouragement from a stranger does any 'arm. I remembers w'en I first started slappin' round with the larther brush. A customer sed to me: "Young man, this is the best soap I've ever tasted." Well, sir, since then, I've never looked back. Goo' day, sir. I'm very much obliged, I'm shore. . . .

MY NIGHT OUT.

By Mrs. MALAPROP-BROWN.

I don't know where she gets her tickets from, and it ain't my business to enquire, but Miss Steggles, our upper housemaid, knows somethink about the-atres, and no error, if I may say so. Tuesday being my night out, she ses to me: "Mrs. Brown, if you're at a loose end to-night, go and see *She Stoops to Corncure* at the Court."

"I don't quite depreciate what you mean by a loose end, Miss Steggles," I says, "and I would thank you to make yourself more plain. I must say I've served this family faithful for forty years, and I have never known a upper housemaid use such expressions to a cook."

"I mean if you've got nothink on," she says. "My young man's sister-in-law is acquainted with the barman at that little pub round the corner; and as she looks on me as one of the family, she sends me tickets now and then for shows what he obtains by some obvious means or other. Here's a dress circle what's going begging. Why not make use of it?"

"But I don't like the title of the play," I says. "I don't hold with these manicure places. There's been some nasty rumours about them. *She Stoops to Corncure*, indeed! Well, of course she would, if it comes to the point, as you may say—unless the party who's corns she's curin' prefers to put their feet up."

* * *

She laughed. She's got a irrigating laugh; and I don't mind telling you that if she wasn't well in with the missus she wouldn't be in this house five minutes. That is, if it was left to me. So I went to the play. I haven't been to the Court Theatre before, but I must say, believe it or not, that the refreshment room there is a treat. Then I settled down to watch the performance, and I shall only be telling the truth when I say I enjoyed it. Not that I altogether approved of the plot, mind you. I don't hold with these practical chokes, like what young Marlow played on his father. I admit he'd been drinking; but that isn't always an excuse, although very often it's an explanation. There he was, boozing—to say the least—at the Three Pigeons Inn, when two perfect strangers come in—gentlemen all over: you could tell that by the way they wiped their noses on their lace-fringed handkerchiefs; no blow, you know, but done so quiet that you'd hardly have known they'd got colds.

* * *

This young scamp somehow persuades them to call at the Hall, giving out that it was a inn and that they would get good entertainment there. Well, they takes his advice—and then the fun began. The Squire, Sir Charles Marlow, mistakes the gents for parties what he's been expecting. The gents mistakes Sir Charles (poor old gentleman) for a innkeeper. I was that sorry for him, although he didn't seem to realise how he was being composed on. But what I was waiting for was to see where the title of the play come in. *She Stoops to Corncure* sounds all right; but I didn't see no corn curin' goin' on. On the other hand, there was an impertinent minx what was called Miss Hardcastle, what pretended to be a inn servant, and carried on disgraceful with the two gents what I've mentioned. I rather fancy she'd met one o' them before; but he didn't recognise her. But he did at the finish, I can tell you. It seemed she was rather sweet on him formerly, but he wasn't having any; but seeing her in a slavey's apron seemed to do the trick, and he fell in love with the daughter of the house, thinking she was the maid. It seemed so true to nature. I could see myself in that young girl's situation. Taking it on the whole, I enjoyed my night out; and it's a very comfortable refreshment room that at the Court The-atre. I 'opes to go agen.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown to pay to the sender of every line published under this heading. Envelope must be marked "Pie.")

"WESTERN WEEKLY NEWS":—"John LAID HIS HANDS upon the POISONOUS THOUGHTS that had stolen once more into his BLOOD, and told himself that he had STRANGLED THEM. He SWEPT THEM AWAY and glanced at his watch."

"DAILY MAIL":—"The vessel is 'sliced up' into SQUARES measuring about FIVE FEET by TWO AND A HALF FEET."

"NEW ZEALAND HERALD" (announcement):—"I hereby declare ——— duly elected as Councillor . . . he being the ONLY person nominated for such position."

"DUBLIN EVENING MAIL":—"The next thing I KNEW was that I was on the ground UNCONSCIOUS."

"LINCOLNSHIRE CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—"WOMAN (middle-aged) wanted at once, TO DO THE WORK OF ONE COW."

"YELLOW MAGAZINE":—"A slim girl, with DARK EYES and singularly sweet GREY EYES, turned from the window."

"MONTREAL DAILY STAR" (advertisement):—"OFFICE BOY.—Bright boy, NOT MORE THAN 16 MONTHS, for uptown office."

"EASTERN PROVINCE HERALD, PORT ELIZABETH":—"The town was suddenly plunged into DARKNESS last night . . . when HUGE VOLUMES OF FLAMES and smoke were seen issuing from semi-detached houses occupied by Mr. ——— and Mr. ———."

"NUGGET LIBRARY":—"The girl entered without any hesitation, and when the trapdoor in the floor had been raised she slowly ASCENDED the ladder that was beneath it."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO" (advertisement):—"Found, BLACK AND WHITE, BROWN Sheep Dog."

"WORLD'S PICTORIAL NEWS":—"Douglas drove the car over all sorts of roads, and every time the car gave a bump my HEART jumped with apprehension, AND NOW IT IS LYING IN PARIS ALL SCRATCHES AND BRUISES."

"GIRLS' FRIEND LIBRARY":—"He GAZED at her a moment through half-closed LIPS."

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

We are told by advertisers that they get orders from JOHN BULL readers all over the world—sometimes from spots not marked on the map. To such readers, even more than those in the Old Country, our guarantee of "satisfaction or money back" is especially valuable when ordering goods from JOHN BULL'S advertisers by post—a habit which is growing.

From many bargains this week we select the following:—

Bolsom Brothers repeat their offer of new woollen Army underwear at 5s. per garment. They are selling these at unprecedented speed, and early purchase is therefore advisable. They also offer their now famous 20s. boots.

A full service of stainless cutlery and silver plate, for six people, for £5, carriage paid, by Froggatt and Sons, of Sheffield, who will send their illustrated list free.

The "Bull-dog" copper bed-airer for 17s. 6d., from Thornton Street Copper Works, Manchester.

Army trench coats at 75s. each, of special quality, by George Weston & Co.

All-wool Yorkshire blankets at 19s. 6d. per pair, by C. & A. Crowther, Bradford.

Sartor Manufacturing Co.—raincoats for men and women for 20s., and ladies' "pull-on" waterproof hats for 5s. 6d.; also all-wool white blankets for 20s. per pair.

Messrs. S. A. Barry & Co. have drawn our attention to a printer's error in their advertisement last week, when the price of £2 12s. was quoted for their Yorkshire tweed suits; this should have been £2 10s.

No Sportsman should be without SUNDAY SPORTS TELEGRAM.

BLANKETS £20,000 WORTH.

AT A REDUCED PRICE FOR A SHORT PERIOD ONLY.

BULK PURCHASE OF PURE ALL-WOOL WHITE

BLANKETS 20/-

PER PAIR. CARRIAGE PAID.

This amazing Blanket deal simply means that for a short period only you can buy one or more pairs of PURE ALL-WOOL BLANKETS at a much reduced price. These are not so-called "Woolly" Blankets, but guaranteed Pure All-Wool and every pair is honestly worth at least 50 per cent. more. These Blankets were specially manufactured for the Sartor Manufacturing Co., who personally guarantee them.

PLEASE SEND AT ONCE

for this amazing bargain. Free Patterns of Blankets showing quality will be sent if desired. Size of Blanke s, 64 x 84, weight 7 lb.

SEND FOR A PAIR TO-DAY

and if when you receive the goods you are not completely satisfied, your money will be refunded in *full*.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. 49) 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS

Forty Years of Suffering Ended by Veno's.

Mr. Thomas.

Mr. R. Thomas, of Gilfach, near Bridgend, Glam., Wales, had suffered for forty years from asthmatic cough. He says: "Veno's is the best thing I have ever found for cough and asthma. Often I could not work for shortness of breath and wheezing. Sometimes when the attacks were on I dared not go to bed for fear of choking. I tried many preparations and had advice, but I never secured any real lasting benefit until I commenced taking Veno's. I was in the middle of a very bad attack, and almost from the first my breathing became easier, and now I am better in health than ever in my life. It is all due to Veno's Lightning Cough Cure."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for

COUGHS AND COLDS. LUNG TROUBLES. NASAL CATARRH. BRONCHITIS. ASTHMA.

1/3 A BOTTLE.

DIFFICULT BREATHING. WHOOPING COUGH. BLOOD SPITTING. HOARSENESS. INFLUENZA.

Large size, 2/-. This is the more economical. Sold by all Chemists.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

£100

FREE CHRISTMAS COMPETITION.
OPEN TO ALL.
NO ENTRANCE FEES, NO COUPONS.

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THE GREAT HERBAL TONIC AND BLOOD PURIFIER,

OFFER **£100** IN PRIZES

FOR THE BEST FOUR LINE VITA RHYMES IN WHICH THE WORD VITADATIO MUST APPEAR TWICE.

EXAMPLE:—

VITADATIO, the World's greatest tonic,
For illnesses slight and illnesses chronic.
To parents and children, to husband and wife,
VITADATIO offers new health and long life.

A pleasant and profitable pastime for young and old at Christmas Parties and odd moments. Send as many attempts as you wish. Just four lines and your name and address on a postcard (stamped 1½d.) addressed

VITADATIO
"LEEDS" THE WAY TO HEALTH,
15, PARK SQUARE, LEEDS,

not later than Saturday, December 31st, 1921.

FIRST PRIZE £10,

2 of £5 — 10 of £2
20 of £1 — 30 of 10/-
50 of 5/- — 100 of 2/6

Results published January 21st, 1922. Employees of Vitadatio ineligible. No other conditions. No correspondence. Proprietors' decision final.

VITADATIO

2/6 and 5/- a bottle at Chemists and Stores, or direct from 15, Park Square, Leeds. Postage extra. One bottle 6d., two 9d., three 1/-

A Happy Home Pastime

NOTHING tends to enlarge the pleasures of home more than the game of billiards played on a Riley "Home" Billiard Table. One of these delightful tables—a perfect miniature of a full-size table—will provide endless enjoyment for all the family during the winter nights.

15/- DOWN

By sending a Postal Order for 15/- you will receive carriage paid to your door if within one mile of a railway station in United Kingdom the 6ft. 4in. size Cash Price £12 10 0

RILEY'S "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE

the remainder you pay in monthly instalments whilst you play. There are sizes to fit any dining table—price according to size.

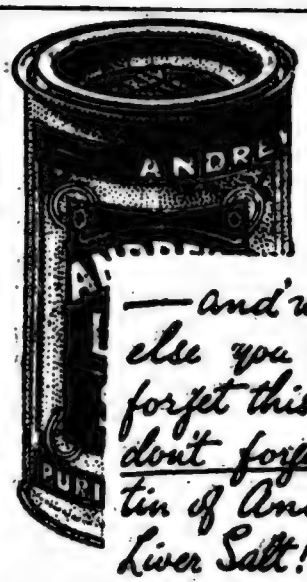
Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables, in sizes to fit any room, from £27-10, or in 20 monthly payments.

Free Write now for Price List.

Riley's are makers of the world-famed Riley Full-Size Tables; they execute all repair work and supply all billiard accessories. Send for prices.

E.J. RILEY Ltd., DUKE WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate St., E.C. P4



"Andrews' keeps you right."

—and whatever else you may forget this Xmas. don't forget the tin of Andrews' Liver Salt! Xmas & Andrews' go together

Ask your Chemist or Grocer for a Tin of Andrews' *in readiness* for those little Ills which visit most Households at Xmas-time.

USUAL SIZE. 4oz NET. **10½D.**

FAMILY SIZE. 8oz NET. **1/6**

(2 B)

Children *are* children! In spite of all your care, they are apt to get that one Mince Pie too many—and childish "tummy" pains in consequence.

Andrews' quickly corrects any disturbed internal condition in Adults or Children. It does its work pleasantly and reliably. For 25 years and more it has been in constant use *the year round* in countless families, correcting Life's little Ills as they arise in Father, Mother and the Children.

Save Andrews' Tin Lids

Don't forget that up to January 31st, 1922 you can exchange 12 small or 6 large Tin Lids, *free of any charge whatever*, for the Andrews' combined Tooth-brush, Tin-opener, Scoop-measure and Stirrer. Send Lids with your name and address, *mentioning this paper*, to Scott & Turner, Ltd., Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers and Stores throughout Great Britain & Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to:

SCOTT and TURNER Ltd., Manufacturers, Gallowgate, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

GRAVES CYCLES

World's finest value. Warranted 10 years. Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 20/- now. Balance in 12 monthly payments of 15/- if satisfied. Money refunded in full if disappointed. Reynold's Weldless Steel Tubing. Roller Levers, Chainless & Wear Tyres, 3-coil Spring Saddle, Coventry Chain. Catalogue post free J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

20/- WITH ORDER.

BLANKETS

FINEST ALL WOOL YORKSHIRE BLANKETS 1916

		PER PAIR. CARR. PAID.
3 lbs. weight,	60 x 81 ...	10/6
7 lbs. "	64 x 84 ...	22/6
8 lbs. "	66 x 90 ...	25/-
9 lbs. "	72 x 92 ...	29/6

FOR 6/- extra We Will Send a with Blanket Sale's finely woven Double Bed Quilt in Red, Sky or Pink.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded in Full.

C. & A. CROWTHER,
(Dept. J.B. 850) Manchester Rd., Bradford

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COAL SENSATION

	Our Price per ton	Elsewhere charged at
Bright Steam Coal	49/-	63/-
Electric Stove Coal	46/-	52/-
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Heavy Anthracite Grains	60/-	70/-

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

In 3 Ton lots delivered free in two-hundredweight sacks within a radius of 6 miles of King's Cross Station.
Deliveries beyond the 6 mile radius charged 1/- per Ton per mile extra.
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A cup of Fry's at Breakfast, Supper, and at 11 every morning, lessens the risk of Winter Chills and Colds.

Fry's Pure Breakfast Cocoa

with the favourite chocolate flavour.

The handiest things for the feet ever invented.
Light—Durable—Resilient

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RUBBER SOLES & HEELS

Sold at all 8 as Shops.
Manufacturers: SUSSEX RUBBER CO., London E. (Makers of the Famous "Wilderlee" Heels and Tips.)

HOLDROYD'S GRAVEL PILLS

have no equal as a remedy for backache, gravel, lumbago, sciatica, gout, rheumatism, dropsy, kidney troubles. On sale for 40 years.

Hundreds of testimonials.

In boxes, 1/3 & 3/-, at BOOTS and all Chemists, or by post from the Proprietors,

HOLDROYD'S MEDICAL HALL, CLECKHEATON, YORKS.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE:—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

Then and Now:—From Chatham we are told that there is much red-tape and other objectionable things that were not heard of during the war. But ask any pre-war Tommy and he will tell you that he had to use shaded candles after "lights out" while polishing buttons and brasses for next day's parade, what time he should be sleeping and dreaming about his "long-haired chum."

For the Old Boys:—We have done some good turns for the old Chelsea pensioners and wish to do another. They send us an array of grievances, and ask us to consult their friends, Sister Lynch or Sister Jones—evidently ministering angels to them. We leave it to the Governor or the Adjutant in the first place to grant the interview, but if the grievances are not remedied then we shall step in.

The "Cherrypickers":—We never liked their cerise trousers, although Prince Albert got a concession from Queen Victoria to allow them to wear the bags of his regiment as a great honour, the 11th Hussars being his escort when he was sweethearting. The regiment is now in Meerut, and the complaints the men send us would fill an auctioneer's catalogue. We want the N.C.O.s and troopers to let us know if this hint is effective.

Question and Answer:—One of the R.A.S.C. at Leith Fort Barracks, Edinburgh, asks if it is "justice for a man to get seven days' C.B. for throwing a few potatoes and carrots, served up for dinner, they being cold." Well, sitting in the seat of judgment, we must decide that chucking vegetables around is a punishable offence. The Army Order is "keep your hair on," although just now the fiat is "shave it down to the bone of your skull."

One for the General:—Regimental canteens must not "slate up" orders given by the Tommies. But we are told that confectionery shops in the lines book up the orders of the soldiers who buy bull's-eyes, lemonade and cigarettes, profiteering like the devil, and charging their customers who come to settle up on pay-day for the expenses of book-keeping The General Commanding at Bulford, on the Plains, for one, should look into this matter.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From J. B., Islington.—"Just a line in answer to your letter. I thank you very much for getting my money through from Woolwich. You *can* wake them up. Please find £5 enclosed for your Fund."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

MISTAKEN DIAGNOSIS AND RUINED HEALTH.

PAINFUL SITUATION OF AN EX-SERVICE MAN.

To be accused of suffering from a disease which, however innocently it may be acquired, carries with it a certain moral stigma, is, to say the least of it, not a desirable situation for an innocent man to find himself placed in. And when, in addition to the unmerited slur, there is the pain and discomfort of hypodermic treatment and hospital detention, injury is added to insult. The case we have in mind is that of a London ex-soldier who, while in hospital, was subjected to a blood test, and informed as the result that he was infected with the most virulent form of venereal disease—told that he was a contagious subject, and isolated for a course of the already sufficiently discredited Wassermann treatment. Repeated hypodermic injections had a disastrous effect upon his health; but he was fortunate in enlisting the interest of a well-known West End physician who, after a most careful examination, confirmed the opinion of other doctors that there was no evidence of past or present contagion. Officially, however—in consequence of the mistaken diagnosis of the military medical authorities—the unhappy subject of this story has to bear the unmerited stigma of a discreditable complaint, and to suffer the financial loss which, in the case of ex-Servicemen, it entails.

AN ECONOMIC TRAGEDY.

His penalty, unwarrantably imposed, is to bear the loss of the pension to which, by virtue of his military service, he was entitled. Being a married man, his position is desperate. It is an economic tragedy. His health is ruined by the drastic medical treatment to which he was unnecessarily subjected. His wife and child, with himself, are on the verge of starvation. Conscious of his complete innocence, bitterly resentful against the medical officers whose mistaken judgment has put a slur upon his character, he has the additional grievance of being deprived of the pension to which his patriotic service morally entitles him. Questions have been asked in Parliament concerning him—but with no satisfactory result. Suffering under a burning sense of injustice, he, together with the medical specialist who has befriended him, appeals to us for aid. We wish our charitable funds were sufficient to enable us to aid this man—one of the Empire's defenders in its time of need—to the degree he merits. We have, however, sent what help we can; and trust that this exposure of a scandalous case will react in favour of the victim. We can do no more.

"SOMETHING ACCOMPLISHED."

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Worse Than His War Service:—One of our Tommies who used rifle and bayonet for us is now down and out and visited us at Long Acre. He is about to enter hospital, is awaiting the long-delayed decision of the Pensions Department, and is compelled to leave his wife and children outside to sink or swim.

His Agony:—Now a mere discharged soldier out of work, without pension or dole, a man served abroad in the Army. The little family was starving when a youngster died. We averted the threatened pauper's funeral.

Their Mental Agony:—An ex-soldier is among the more than a million demobilised men who cannot find work. His brave wife went out to labour and keep the "home," but she broke down through overwork and anxiety, and is now in an asylum.

The Widow's Lot:—A widow of some years has three children whom she supported, goodness knows how. Now she is ill, and everything had gone until we came to the rescue with the money sent by our supporters.

WITH MANY THANKS.

Mrs. S. H. (Lee), £40; Mrs. A. M. M. (California), £1; W. and D. R. (Golders Green), 2s. 6d.; "Two Hornsey Readers," 4s.; C. T. (Battersea), 1s.; A. J. (Goodmayes), 10s.; "Every Little Helps," 2s. 6d.; H. T. (Guildford), 11s.; Mrs. E. V. P. (Alfriston), 5s.; Mrs. D. (Fenton), 1s.; "W.," £1; "Southport," £1; "Little Dick," 1s. and parcel; Mrs. C., 1s. 6d. and parcel; Mrs. E. B. (Newton), 2s. 6d.; H. W. (Glasgow), 1s.; C. R. A. (Faversham), 2s.; H. E. W. (Norwich), £2 2s.; R. B. (King's Lynn), 2s. 6d.; "An Old Age Pensioner," 1s.; Anon (Godalming), 2s.; "Emily" (Finsbury Park), 10s.; J. H. (Southend), 2s. and parcel; Mrs. W. L. (Rosyth), 1s.; "Tiger," 10s.; "Tonsor," 1s.; "Farm Worker," £1; "A Widow's Mite" (Newton Moor), 1s.; "G." (Londonderry), 10s.; M. E. W., 10s.; "In Memory of Pat," £1; "In Memory of My Dear Boy Killed in Action," £1; J. B. (Dublin), 2s. 6d.; A. and A. W., £1; Anon., 10s.; "Caledonia," 10 rupees; H. B. (Richmond), 5s.; F. G. (Charlton), 5s.; Anon (Liverpool), 1s. 6d.; G. B., 1s.; L. A. C. (Fulham), 2s. and parcel; A. T. (Merton), 10s.; C. S. (Hornsey), 5s.; C. H. (Epping), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Preston), 3d.; R. P. (Milton), 5s.; S. B. (Streatham), 10s.; F. W. W. (Acton), 1s.; Anon. (Newcastle), 1s. 2d.; "Ex-Soldier," 1s. 6d.; G. H. C., 6d.; "Hamish," 2s.; E. A. D. (Birmingham), 5s.; "Widow's Mite" (Sleaford), 4s. 6d.; Anon, 1s.; G. O. S. (Edinburgh), 2s.; "Nottingham Admirer," 3s.; "In Memory of a Dearly Loved Son," £1; "Bard of Brum," 5s.; Mrs. B., 2s. 6d.; A. G. S. (East Cowes), 2s.; P. S. (Wallsend-on-Tyne), 10s.; Anon (Maldon), 1s. 6d.; M. D. (Earlsfield), 1s.; "Sailor Sydney's Mother," 6s. 6d.; "Live and Let Live," 1s.; "Marylebone," 4s.; Anon., 1s.; C. R., £1 10s. and parcel; Mrs. T. W. R. (Ormskirk), 10s.; A. M. N. (St. John's Wood), £2; "Wellwisher" (Italy), £1; "Sympathiser" (Harleston), 2s. 6d. and parcel; Mrs. S. R. (Fleetwood), 10s.; H. B., 5s.; F. H. H., 2s.; "Wigan," £2 5s.; W. J. F. (Livorno), £1; Mrs. M. H., 2s.; Mrs. M. H. (Milton Regis), 2s. 6d.; A. & L. T., £1; S. O. (Birmingham), 10s.; G. B. (Canterbury), 2s.; W. C. (Ramsgate), 1s.; J. G. K. (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; "R." (Hammersmith), 3s. 1d.; M. J. H. (Charlton), 2s.; W. C. (Bristol), 5s.; "In Loving Memory of Harold" (Astley), 10s.; A. T. (Portslade), 2s. 6d.; Anon (Sydenham), 3s. 6d.; W. V. (Bath), 2s. and parcel; F. T. C. (Lindford), 1s.; "Mary," 5s.; Mr. & Mrs. W. M. K. (Cirencester), £1 and parcel; C. E. G. (Edmonton), 1s.; R. M. K., £1; F. D. B., £1.

IS YOUR GIFT HERE?

OUR CHRISTMAS POOR FUND.

B. M., 2s.; "One With You" (Crayford), 7s. 6d.; T. & E. E., 2s.; C. A. C. (Birkenhead), 10s.; "Widowed," £1; J. & E. M. D., 2s. 6d.; A. K. M. (Dunkerton), 2s.; "Xmas Offering," 3s. 6d.; Anon., 10s.; M. & G. P. F. (Holbeach), 2s. 6d.; M. J. H., 2s.; "Barton-le-Willows," 10s.; "Clara" (Liverpool), 10s.; J. W. L. (Bodmin), 2s. 6d.; H. G. H. (Cirencester), 1s.

"JOHN BULL'S" XMAS GIFT—YOUR LAST CHANCE!

Our great Xmas Gift Offer has proved more popular than ever this year, many thousands of readers having taken advantage of the "JOHN BULL" Pen Gift Coupon, which is accepted as One Shilling in part payment of any of our "JOHN BULL" Pens. This Gift Coupon is reproduced here, and readers who have not already done so are advised to send their applications without further delay, as

The Offer CLOSES on 31st DECEMBER.

For our Offer of a 10/6 "John Bull" Pen, FREE, see page iii.

The Manager,

The "JOHN BULL" PEN Dept.

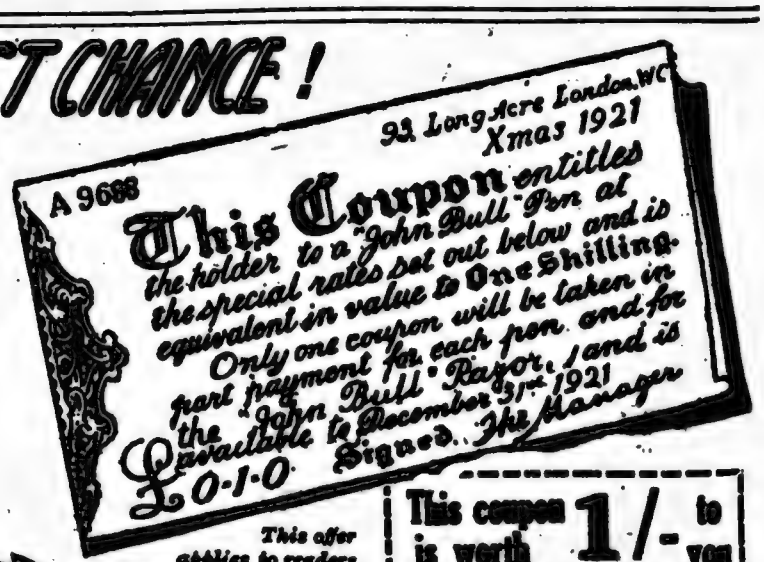
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

LIST OF MODELS:		Price.	WITH XMAS GIFT COUPON
No. 1.	"Standard" Model ...	3/3	2/-
No. 2.	"De Luxe" Model ...	4/3	3/3
No. 3.	"Safety" Model ...	8/-	5/-
No. 5.	"LEVER SELF-FILLING" MODEL ...	8/9	7/9
No. 6.	"Screw Cap" Baby Model	4/9	3/9
The "JOHN BULL" Safety Razor, including 6 blades and stropping attachment		5/-	4/-

Postage and Insurance on each pen 3d. extra. Postage on Razor 6d. extra.

Pocket Clips 3d. each.

Every pen is fitted with a 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped.


A 9668
93 Long Acre London WC
Xmas 1921
This Coupon entitles the holder to a "John Bull" Pen at the special rates set out below and is equivalent in value to One Shilling.
Only one coupon will be taken in part payment for each pen and for the "John Bull" Razor, and is available to December 31st 1921
£0-1-0
Signed... The Manager

This offer applies to readers in the British Isles only.

This coupon is worth 1/- to you

Be a Sport and read SUNDAY SPORTS TELEGRAM.

The Firm Who Led & Still Leads the World in Fighting Against High Prices

TWO GREAT GOVERNMENT SURPLUS OFFERS

In offering the British Government Footwear & Woollen Underwear, Bolsom Bros. are able to give readers of "John Bull" a unique opportunity of securing the most reliable articles, far below the actual cost of production.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT RELEASES

THE WHOLE SURPLUS STOCK OF

Men's Woollen Underwear

THE GREATEST TRANSACTION IN MEN'S WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR EVER MADE,

and specially secured for "John Bull" Readers.

The entire British Government Surplus stock of men's Woollen Vests and Pants, comprising nearly 2,000,000 GARMENTS, has just been acquired *for direct disposal to the public* by BOLSOM BROS., of the Strand, the first to fight against high prices in March, 1920, when they lowered the cost of footwear by half.

THIS, THEREFORE IS THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER GIVEN FOR MEN IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE TO OBTAIN AT A PRICE FAR BELOW THE ACTUAL COST, THE MOST RELIABLE UNDERWEAR EVER PRODUCED.

EVERY GARMENT WAS MADE TO SPECIFICATION BY THE MOST IMPORTANT BRITISH MANUFACTURERS, EACH WAS PASSED AS PERFECT BY GOVERNMENT EXPERTS AND STAMPED WITH THE MANUFACTURER'S NAME AND DATE.

These garments were specially manufactured for British Naval and Military Officers and Men—to withstand the rigours of the severest winter campaigns, but they are identical in pattern with civilian garments now being sold in the best stores at prices usually far beyond the ordinary man's pocket.

They are equally suitable for the City and professional man, motorists, farmers, railwaymen, postmen, policemen, miners, mechanics, engineers, manual workers, and, in fact, for all men in every station of life requiring the most reliable underwear. To place them within the reach of all, Bolsom Brothers are offering this underwear at the one standard price of 5s. per Vest or Pants, and have opened new additional premises at 129, STRAND, as a depot for their distribution. This underwear is perfect in every detail, unsoiled, and is the unissued surplus stock of the British Government, and the wool used in the manufacture is of the highest quality, soft, and non-irritant to the skin, and there is nothing better in the world for those requiring the most reliable underwear for real hard wear.

Although there are nearly 2,000,000 garments for disposal these will be speedily cleared AND ONCE SOLD THIS OPPORTUNITY CAN NEVER OCCUR AGAIN—SO call without delay. The depot for the sale of this underwear, 129, Strand, London, W.C., is open every day until 8 p.m., and Saturdays all day until 9 p.m. Large staff of capable assistants. No waiting. Remember these garments are genuine British Government goods and can only be obtained at Bolsom Brothers, at 129, Strand—AND NOWHERE ELSE.

5/- PER GARMENT

WOOLLEN VESTS

All have long sleeves, as illustrated. Supplied in three sizes:

Small, Medium, and Large 5/- each.

WOOLLEN PANTS

to Ankle

Supplied in three sizes:

Small, Medium, and Large 5/- each.

BOLSOM BROS. GUARANTEE

that each garment is new, unsoiled, and unissued British Government surplus stock, and guaranteed perfect in every way. So buy as many as you can while you have the opportunity.

FIRST COME—FIRST SERVED.

Call at once, and secure a supply of this fine Government Woollen Underwear before Christmas. Open Christmas Week daily till 9 p.m. Christmas Eve till 10 p.m. Remittance must accompany post orders, with extra, for postage as follows: 1 or 2 garments, 1/-, 4 garments, 1/2, 6 garments, 1/6, 8 garments, 2/- Treasury Notes must be registered.

Underwear orders must be addressed to Bolsom Bros. Government Surplus Depot, 129, Strand, London, W.C.2.

BOLSOM BROS. GOVT. SURPLUS DEPOT.

129, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Below are illustrated our famous Genuine South African Double Sole Waterproof Field boot in Black Real Box Calf and Superior Tan Calf, genuine Field Mounted Service boots, Officers' boots in black or tan, British Government genuine Army boots and other reliable footwear, that have no equal for quality. If you are requiring the most reliable footwear in the World for every purpose or occupation and for hard continuous wear in all weathers, call and make your selection without delay or post your order at once for immediate attention. The value offered in the boots illustrated in this advertisement cannot be equalled elsewhere at double the price quoted and represents without question the greatest boot bargains ever offered. Secure these at once. You will be more than delighted with their astounding value. Both stores 169 and 179 Strand, London, W.C., are open every day till 8 p.m. and Saturdays till 9 p.m.

Send for post free Catalogue of Ladies 20/- Boots & Shoes.

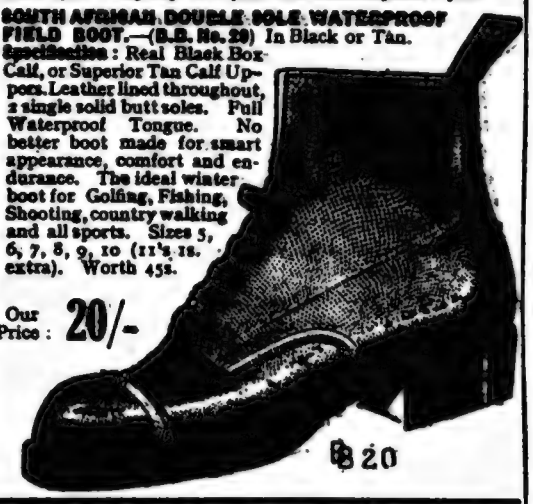
NOTE THESE 4 POINTS.

1.—Damp-proof, filling between upper & first sole.
2.—Stout first all-leather sole.
3.—Patent waterproof layer between the two soles.
4.—Stout solid bend outer sole, fully water and damp-proof.

See that the three stamps are on the soles — no others genuine.

SOUTH AFRICAN DOUBLE SOLE WATERPROOF FIELD BOOT.—(B.B. No. 29) In Black or Tan. Specification: Real Black Box Calf, or Superior Tan Calf Uppers. Leather lined throughout, 2 single solid butt soles. Full Waterproof Tongue. No better boot made for smart appearance, comfort and endurance. The ideal winter boot for Golfing, Fishing, Shooting, country walking and all sports. Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's 1s. extra). Worth 45s.

Our Price: **20/-**



No. 70. NEW FIELD MOUNTED SERVICE BOOT.—Specification: Real Kip Grained Uppers, screwed and stitched to heel. Full Watertight Tongue, 2 single solid butt soles, solid all-leather heels. Postage 2s. extra. Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. Our Price Per pair **20/-** Recently Worth 55/-

No. 70

No. 72.—OFFICERS' TAN NEW DERBY BOOT, as illustrated. **Specification:** Real Tan Calf uppers. Finest quality leather throughout. Leather-lined right through to toe. Solid butt sole. The Ideal Winter Boot for every purpose. Worth double. Also ditto in Black. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's and 12's, 1s. extra). Laces Free.

Our Price **20/-**

No. 72

W.D. 74. BRITISH GOVERNMENT NEW no-cap regulation Army Boot, as illustrated. **Specification:** Real Kip Grained uppers, waterproof. 2 single solid butt soles. Screwed and stitched to heel. Hobbed as shown. Worth in to-day's market double. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12. Laces Free.

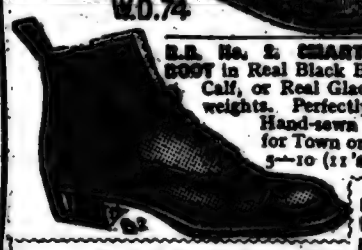
Our Price: **20/-**

W.D.74

B.B. No. 7. GENT'S SMART TAN WILLOW CALF BROGUE SHOE. Also in Real Black Box Calf. An ideal Shoe for Town or Country wear. Can also be had for Ladies. (Ask for No. 50). Unobtainable elsewhere under 35s. Men's sizes: 5 to 11. Ladies': 3 to 7. Our Price:

20/-

B.B. No. 2. SMART WELTED BALMORAL BOOT in Real Black Box Calf, Real Tan Willow Calf, or Real Glace Kid. Light or medium weights. Perfectly finished. Made on the Hand-sewn principle. A smart Boot for Town or Country Wear. Sizes 5—10 (11's and 12's, 1s. extra). **20/-**



B.B. No. 1. SMART WELTED DERBY BOOT in Real Black Box Calf, Real Tan Willow Calf, or Real Glace Kid. Light or Medium weights. Made on the hand-sewn principle with latest Model lasts. Smart and perfect fitting. Sizes 5—10 (11's and 12's 1s. extra).

Our Price: **20/-**

Post your order now with 20/- for each pair and 1/2 extra for postage (No. 70 2/- extra) stating No. and size required. Register Treasury Notes and make P.O. payable to Bolsom Bros.

BOLSOM BROS. (Dept. C) 169 & 157, Strand, LONDON, W.C.2.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matterr.* FINANCIAL *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

THE EDITOR returns his sincere thanks to the readers who have sent him kind Christmas greetings—which are very welcome just now.

A. G. (Brixton, S.W.).—"I wish you would come and have a bit of dinner with me on Christmas Day." If our previous engagements fall through we shall be on your doorstep at twelve noon.

J. R. B. (No address).—"Even the savages bear witness to the need of prayer." So we said in our recent article on the subject, which you should make a point of reading over again at Christmas.

S. A. (Birmingham).—We have scanned the qualities you name as "requisite in a leader of men," and find, as it happens, that we possess nearly all of them. Small wonder if we are conceited.

"READER" (Edinburgh).—Sorry to hear you had to give up entering for our "Bullets" competitions, "owing to a nervous breakdown, through wounds received in France." At this stage, possibly, the pleasant mental exercise would be beneficial.

J. D. (Middlesbro').—Your suggested drawing was submitted to our cartoonist, who was inclined to sniff at it. These artist fellows are so fearfully uppish.

A. M. (Glasgow).—We do not at all like your invidious comparisons between the English and Scottish troops in the Great War. If your idea is to start a Sinn Fein movement north of the Tweed, you had far better emigrate to the Scilly Isles.

"STUDENT."—In mixing up Jeremiah with King Pharaoh you betray your ignorance of the Scriptures. Afraid you weren't nicely brought up.

"FAIR PLAY." (Sunderland).—"The West End of Sunderland is for people who are fairly well off." Thanks for telling us, or we might never have known.

A. S. (Arbroath).—Thanks for poem. "The Dawn of Liberty," which "was written in February, 1916." Perhaps it was nicer when it was fresh.

R. G. (Elham).—Our strong view is that these small operations on children are performed much more often than is really necessary. Send us fuller particulars.

E. W. N. (Bedford).—You seem to have overlooked the fact that the half-crown awards in connection with "Printer's Pie" are paid only to the first sender of each item published. Sorry if this means a lean Christmas.

"WELL-WISHER" (Clifton).—"I am older than you are." You have our sympathy.

"BOTTOM DOG" (Lincoln).—As you say, it should be the object of everyone at this season of the year to "put music into the hearts of the poor." You wield a graceful pen.

F. B. (Leytonstone).—"I enclose two funny stories." You did, and sent our staff into convulsions.

E. L. W. (Rhode Island).—It is to be hoped that the settlement with Sinn Fein will put an end to the anti-British agitation of the Irish in America. If it doesn't, it ought to.

A. H. R. (Wimbledon, S.W.).—"It is with very great pleasure and profit I read your valuable publication weekly." That we can believe without a trace of effort.

"FOR LUCK."—Sorry cannot assist you to spread the prayer-chain nuisance. In our case it is the W.P.B. and chance it.

F. W. T. (Gibraltar).—Nice of you to write to us all the way from Gibraltar. Trust the "Rock" stands firm as ever.

CAPT. A. E. N. H. (North China).—The way you sum up the Germans quite takes our fancy. No more easily than you can we forget and forgive.

"ANTI-WASTER" (Brighton).—Before we could denounce the Brighton Guardians for the excessive consumption of eggs in the Workhouse, we should have to know who ate them. Perhaps you could inform by return of post.

"SMALL NATIONS" (Wisconsin).—Evidently you have a poor opinion of English people, but in spite of all temptation we decline to quarrel with you at Christmas.

"AN OLD READER."—It was Mr. Symmons, the Clerkenwell Magistrate, who in sentencing a nursing mother to two months' imprisonment callously told her that she must take her baby to gaol with her. Alas, for the rarity of Christain charity, even at the season of Goodwill.

MRS. W. G. Y. (Malta).—Much interested in your tit-bit about the ex-Empress Zita. If we say no more, all our readers will think it was what it wasn't.

M. R.-B. (Haywards Heath).—If it is true that contributions to the Save the Children Fund may be specially earmarked for British children, it is a pity the fact is not more prominently advertised.

J. A. H. (Acton).—It is, as you say, a cynical commentary upon the Washington Conference that a poison gas known as "Lewisite" should be boomed in the American newspapers during its progress. What did we tell you last week?

W. W. (Torquay).—"I know you like justice." We do, and parsnips.

E. E. F. (Dover).—"Lunatics and children like pictures." Strikes us as a poor reason for sending us a nice Christmas card.

G. W. (Newbiggin-by-the-Sea).—We note that you "came into contact with JOHN BULL" by having your bread wrapped in it. Now, of course, you will never be without a copy as long as you live.

G. L. (Worcester).—"I am a young man wholly dissatisfied with my position in life." You may take it from us, sonny, that that is the first condition of success

S. T. L. (Seaview).—Much obliged for particulars of the little conversation you had with your "guardian angel." What's her name?

T. J. (Lewisham, S.E.).—Rather too bad, after writing ten pages, to say that you "do not exactly mean it." Better a three-halfpenny postcard from which gleams the majesty of truth.

C. G. (Banbury).—"I do not possess a farthing and I have no brains." Sounds as though your only hope is to go in for Party politics.

F. N. T. (Liverpool).—So you think it is the privilege of the medical profession to "send God his saints and angels." Presume those booked for the other destination don't count.

"PRESBYTERIAN" (St. Andrew's).—"Drunkards think I'm an angel." Perhaps that's their misty vision.

R. J. (Southampton).—Thanks for Christmas pages from your hymn-book. Pity you tore it.

"ADMIRER" (Hounslow).—"You do not seem to be afraid to publish the truth." Quite right, we're full of beans.

"CHILD LOVER."—As you must be aware, we have constantly urged greater severity in the punishment of criminal assaults upon children. The cases you cite are revolting.

"STUDENT" (Peterborough).—We note that you are now copying out "Paradise Lost" for us instead of the Bible. And as long as you don't want paying for it we're tickled to death.

"CAROL ADMIRER" (Swansea).—We said our say a week or two ago about the attitude of the Blackpool Chief Constable towards child carol singers. Nice to know you agree.

E. B. (Nottingham).—So you dreamt we swam the Serpentine on Christmas Day. We are half tempted to do it.

H. T. J. (Jarrow-on-Tyne).—When we talked lightly of "a woman's secret" we did not, of course, refer to the concealment of sorrow. That is the sort of "secrecy" with which we have every sympathy.

ANON (Bishop's Waltham).—Sorry if we have offended you by "poking fun at Mr. Asquith." It was done, if we may say so, in a most amiable spirit.

G. C. (Aberdeen).—We agree that alien competition in the fishing industry is most unfair to British trawlers. The subject is engaging our close attention.

"ANGLO-EGYPTIAN."—We note that after nearly forty years in Egypt you "respect British diplomacy without understanding it." There's a nasty sting to that.

"VERA"—Afraid not much chance of the Government taking action because an article supposed to be British "proved microscopically" to be foreign. We might help you better if you described the goods.

W. N. (Holloway, N.).—We agree that torturers of animals and children ought to "suffer with pain." Haven't we said so dozens of times?

R. W. S. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"Did you ever see a dead donkey?" No we didn't, so none of your nonsense.

E. C. D. (London, N.).—Sorry our printers left out a full stop and upset you so horribly. The row we made about it lifted the roof.

R. K. (Highbury Park, N.).—It is perhaps too much to say that Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., "averted a revolution," but in our opinion he was richly entitled to the damages he obtained against his detractors.

F. R. (Bermondsey, S.E.).—We like your poem, especially the line, "Upon this earth we flit about in pairs." We have noticed the same thing.

S. I. (Highgate, N.).—"I can only state my mind like millions of others." But more juicily.

"THE MOKE."—"For he who lies in slumber deep, A watchful eye he cannot keep." So true, and so graceful withal.

J. C. A. (Barrow).—Your dissertations on prayer duly to hand. If you'd only been a parson you might have emptied the biggest church in London.

J. T. S. (Birmingham).—For the hundredth time, we did *not* "flog the girls in State schools." So stop your teasing.

D. R. (Surbiton).—"Why not a bureau for jokes and stories?" There's no law against your starting one if you have the time and the money.

Mr. J. H. LAGAR (899, Stratford Road, Birmingham), the winner of the first prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 431, who is 60 years old, regards this handsome prize in the light of an investment for the future. The winning effort was entirely of his own construction. Hearty congratulations.

Miss M. B. (Essex).—"Good luck to you this Christmas." Same to you, and wavy hair.

A. S. E. (Limehouse, E.).—Sorry cannot tell you the origin of the expression "Go and boil your head." Nice people don't use it.

"CLOSE READER" (Chatham).—"Your poster last week staggered me." All very well to put it on our poster.

S. S. H. (Rye Lane, S.E.).—Since you raise the subject, we should not like barbed wire round our bedroom windows. Not that they are much used.

"LOVER OF PEACE" (Whitechapel, E.).—We are appalled by your allusions to "hidden crime" in the East End. It is a wonder you ever venture out in the dark.

"UNLUCKY" (Glasgow).—Sorry to hear of your misfortune in the football competition. You would have been safer with JOHN BULL.

"MAMMON."—We have read your letter about "sighs and sob-drops" seventeen times and can make nothing of it. Will you try again or shall we say no more about it?

"BRITISHER" (Faversham).—We entirely sympathize with your strictures upon "our Fred Karno law on betting, and the pantomime administration of the same." But cheer up for Christmas.

"WORKING MAN" (Bethnal Green, E.).—We note that you were cheated by the 'bus conductor "in the excitement of getting off." You should have gone straight home to the missus.

MR. R. H. PINNOCK (18, Aldershot Road, Kilburn, N.W.) will be glad if his brother "Fred," whom he has lost sight of for some years, will communicate with him at the above address.

C. A. M. (Wickham).—"I hope your office boy has not parted with his parting." No, but he has found a new grease which saves him doing his hair more than once a week.

A. A. (Manchester).—"My heart is very full." Perhaps at Christmas you will succeed in shifting the pressure.

Accept our Christmas Gift to YOU. See pages iii. of cover and 20.

"FRIEND OF THE POST OFFICE."—"I hope I have made myself clear to you." Clear as mud, but we don't agree.

I. B. (Penzance).—"Now there is hope even for me." And, indeed, for all "Bullets" competitors who have your pluck and perseverance.

C. S. (Bermondsey) suggests that Christmas would be "much more enjoyable" if it were celebrated in the summer. But we never did like cold mince pies.

MASTER L. S. D. (Finchley).—"I have been puzzled for a long time by what you mean by 'The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.' Would you explain its meaning?" Rather a tall order, but here goes. Your initials are the first, being without is the very devil, and——er, you're too young yet for the middle.

J. F. (Portsmouth).—"I have solved many grave problems such as the Irish question." Good man!

MRS. E. M. (Bootham).—"There ought to be better provision for young babies." Really, dear madam, we fear we cannot help you in that respect.

J. S. (Donegal).—"I have been a regular reader of our paper." That's the spirit, sonny.

G. D. (Wisbech).—"With the advent of woman voters, a candidate at elections will have to stand more upon his personal merits." Face and figure notwithstanding, we hope the ladies will still love us.

"JOCK" (Clapham).—"Your article in *Sunday Illustrated* was really great—just what I expected." And just what we intended.

E. W. (Ormskirk).—"We do not think it right that the exams. should be so hard." That is often the complaint of candidates for other examinations than those of wireless operators.

"READER" (Liverpool).—We like your poem about "blending the orange and green," and still more the bit about "forgetting the old spleen." That is both rhyme and reason.

"JIMMY" (Buenos Aires).—If your enquiry is serious, we beg to state that Mr. Lloyd George is not a Jew. But better men have been.

"ONE WHO, ETC." (Ireland).—The Sinn Feiners' toast you send us: "May the God above send down a dove" starts all right, but the rest of it deserves the "bird."

A. T. B.—"It is no joke to lose £30 £50 £60 £65." By Jove, no! Not without a stop.

MRS. E. V. P. (Alfriston).—Thanks for enclosure. "Why do you place your advt. of the JOHN BULL Pen on the same page as your 'Greatest of These'?" The answer is obvious.

G. H. B. (Spaxton).—As you say "the Agapemonites have got a hold on your village," we shall have to come down with our whip and drive them off.

"EDITHA" (Rome).—We regret we cannot use our "Greatest of These" Fund for prosecuting claims to earldoms. We have starving women and children to feed first.

W. H. (Bradford).—"I won't build houses!" If your houses are no better than your manners, perhaps it's just as well you won't.

A. C. B. (London, N.W.).—Very kind of you to send us particulars of a device by using which "there will be no necessity to sit tight in any chair." Afraid we should feel so sloppy.

H. S. P. (Beauly, N.B.).—There are sure to be splutterings in the extreme section of the Irish press for a long time after the Peace Treaty. Never mind them.

MRS. A. F. (Sydney).—We are still keeping our eyes and ears open in regard to the question of emigration. So tell us all you know.

"1916—1921" (Newcastle West).—"I notice with amazement that you have gone back again to His Satanic Majesty the Devil!" Not again! We've been busy fighting him all our lives.

W. H. C. (Colchester).—"When the pigs begin to die, O won't the pork be low." Yes, and when the pigs begin to fly, O won't the pork be high, and you'll be a poet.

F. G. P. (Hounslow).—"I herewith enclose a pamphlet I have written entitled 'How to make Poultry Pay!'" Excellent! We haven't time to read it, but we take it you make them lay.

"ANON." (Manchester).—"Why shouldn't girls be flogged as well as boys?" Because only such beasts as you would dare to write us such a shameful letter. We pity your children.

"ENGLISHWOMAN" (Beckley, U.S.A.).—"I go goosey fleshy all over when I hear the Americans talking of winning the world war." Do like us, and just laugh.

A. T. B.—As you take our paper "because we shew up cruelty," we'll forgive you two long letters by the same post.

F. N. (Middlesbro').—Afraid if we asked the *Sunday Pictorial* not to print what you don't like, they would tell us to mind our own business. The name of which, by the way, is *Sunday Illustrated*.

M. D. (Brighton).—Your comparison between Lloyd George and Lenin duly noted. What's your brain food?

J. A. B. (Cardiff).—It is a wicked shame that an ex-soldier should be dishonoured even in death. Such episodes jar unpleasantly with the spirit of Christmas.

"EX-SERVICE READER."—First in Newcastle and then at Berwick-on-Tweed, we hear of the alien invasion. If it spreads to Scotland there'll be trouble.

W. J. G. (Cwmcarn).—"Please pardon me." There is no need to ask for pardon in bringing a case of rank injustice to our notice.

F. F. (Pewfront).—"I am writing to ask if you would kindly send me a cheque of £50." Why so economical with the noughts, dear brother? Make it five thou. and we'll say "No!"

"A READER."—If we started to arbitrate between Somerset men and Devonshire men we might find ourselves at sea—or in the Channel.

McC. (Jamaica).—"Why is Lloyd George like a football?" Dunno. Is he?

L. F. (Mitcham).—You will find our opinion of the Poor Law system on another page.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

HAD HÆMORRHOIDS 40 YEARS. NOW PERMANENTLY CURED.

NO OPERATION EITHER.

PERTH MAN TELLS HOW HE CURED HIMSELF.

"One touch of Nemolin, and your pains are over. A day—or possibly two if case is serious—and you never worry about piles any more. Nemolin will cure them *permanently*." Soothing, healing, antiseptic, odourless, non-astringent, convenient to use, and absolutely non-poisonous, it avoids any detention from business or social activities and renders operations no longer necessary. Totally different from any other treatment. At all chemists, price 3s. The Manufacturers will forward post paid on request, in plain sealed wrapping, a large free supply, fully sufficient for a thorough trial, together with certified proofs of effects in thousands of specially difficult cases; also authoritative professional endorsements, which must convince even the most discouraged, hopeless and sceptical.—Research Laboratories (Dept. 107A.), 22, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

IF IT'S

GO TO BLOOM'S

As good as its name

Nature's Greatest Foods

Pure rich milk and choice malted wheat and barley—Nature's most valuable foods—are combined in Nestlé's Malted Milk. It is a beverage delicious, refreshing and healthful beyond compare.

Rich in nourishment for body and brain, easily digested, Nestlé's Malted Milk is a food for everyone—young or old, strong or weak. It builds health and strength for the delicate; it maintains and confirms the fitness of the fit. A nightcap that ensures sound, restful sleep. The famous name that it bears is its sure guarantee.

NESTLÉ'S MALTED MILK

Sold Everywhere. Cash prices 1/9d. & 3/3d. per bottle.

Where unobtainable locally, postage will be refunded and sample sent if you will kindly write us with the name and address of your grocer or store.

NESTLE'S (Advt. Dept.). 6-8 Eastcheap E.C.3

WISE WEDLOCK

You have often read announcements of our clean sex books, and will admit their exceedingly high standard.

In this new volume—"Wise Wedlock"—the author, Dr. G. Courtenay Beale, has given his best. It is undoubtedly the most complete book ever published on questions affecting marriage relationships. In our monthly magazine, "Health and Efficiency," we had recently some instructive articles on Birth Control which are bringing hundreds of enquiries. These prove that the greatest need in Sex Literature to-day is a frank, unequivocal volume which will answer these questions in a clear manner. You will find all the information you have long sought in

WISE WEDLOCK 6/9 Post Free.

Other books have touched the fringe of the subject, but in "Wise Wedlock" you will have all your questions answered. Write now, while you think of it, to address below, enclosing cheque or postal order for 6/9, and the book will reach you by return post in sealed cover. A copy of "Health and Efficiency" will be sent with the book.

HEALTH PROMOTION LTD., DEPT. 120
19/21, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C. 4.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

4s. 2d. a tin AT ALL CHEMISTS

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.

The Standard Remedy for Over 50 Years

Salesmanship

"Having taken your Course has been the best investment of my life," writes a Student, trained and placed in a good position by the Phœnix School. Short Postal Courses in: SPECIALITY SELLING. COMMERCIAL TRAVELLING. SALES MANAGEMENT. RETAIL SELLING. Spare time study. Every Diploma Student introduced to a vacancy. Write for Prospectus. Dept. 30, PHŒNIX SCHOOL OF BUSINESS Ltd. 439, Oxford Street W.1.

'BULLETS' NEW YEAR OFFER

2ND PRIZE £50

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £500

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2-10

50 PRIZES OF 10/-

100 PRIZES OF 5/-

500 — PRIZES OF — 2/6

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS | **3,000 'TARGET' PRIZES**

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you :—Example : FAIR FIGHT. Bullet :—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 434.

MY NEW YEAR WISH	MY BIGGEST MISTAKE	PLENTY	TELLING THE WIFE
PUT AND TAKE	A SURE THING	IF LUCKY	SPENDING WISELY
AFTER CHRISTMAS	PERFECT STRANGER	NOT LOST YET	WHEN RUSH BEGINS
PICTURE OF HAPPINESS	JUDGE AND JURY	STANDING JOKE	DANGEROUS COMBINATION
SLAVE TO FASHION	FLAPPER'S PURSE	CLIMBING	COINING MONEY
TWO A PENNY	A NICE BIRD	COUNTRY YOKEL	HE AND SHE
WHAT SHE WANTED	NAVY CUT	RED HOT	LITTLE AND GOOD
THE NEW WORLD	IN LONDON TOWN	SO SIMPLE	BRITAIN'S WATCHDOG

Closing Date, Thursday, January 5th.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet

(434) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed_____
Address_____

☞ **If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.**

Closing Date, Thursday, January 5th.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet

(434) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed_____
Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 434, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 5th.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet

(434) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 5th.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet

(434) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____
Address_____

OWING TO THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, THE RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 432 (BULLETS CHRISTMAS OFFER) WILL BE PUBLISHED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 7th.

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 435.

KEEPING A DIARY	A WISE WIFE
GROWING WEAKER	MONEY MATTERS
WHAT FLAPPER EXPECTS	FALSE ECONOMY
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT	AT IT AGAIN
FINDING HIS FEET	PLUCKY CHAP
RAISING THE RENT	OUT AND DRIED
WINNING PREMIER	BADLY PAINTED
OUT OF COLLAR	SINKING
SAME OLD STORY	TORN UP
PLEASING THE PUBLIC	HIT OR MISS

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, Jan. 12th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **435** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 435, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Forty examples for Competition 434.

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS ?

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ...	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment, up to...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement, up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagents.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

December 24, 1921.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) .....

Home Address .....

December 24 1921 .....

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. Stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

The Best Ever!

£2,500

FOR ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST C

THE sum of £2,500 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £2,500 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £2,500 **MUST BE WON.** This is the

BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. **Scottish and Irish readers can compete.** Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

NO GOALS REQUIRED

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from papers announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £2,500 (two thousand five hundred pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £2,500 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £2,500. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, Jan. 12th, will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Run in conjunction with "Sunday Illustrated," "Boy's Pictorial" and "Sunday Sports Telegram."

PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS. Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: Football Competition No. 17, "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Football Competition No. 15 will appear in next week's issue.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBA

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY,

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HO
Arsenal	v.	Chelsea	
Aston Villa	v.	Burnley	
Manchester U.	v.	Newcastle U.	
Rotherham C.	v.	Leeds United	
Bradford	v.	Notts County	
Crystal Palace	v.	Hull City	
Blackpool	v.	Clapton Orient	
Brentford	v.	Southampton	
Swansea	v.	Plymouth A.	
Gillingham	v.	Luton Town	

Coupons must be cut—not

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in rules and conditions on this page, and agree to decision as final and legally binding, and enter

(17) SIGNED .....

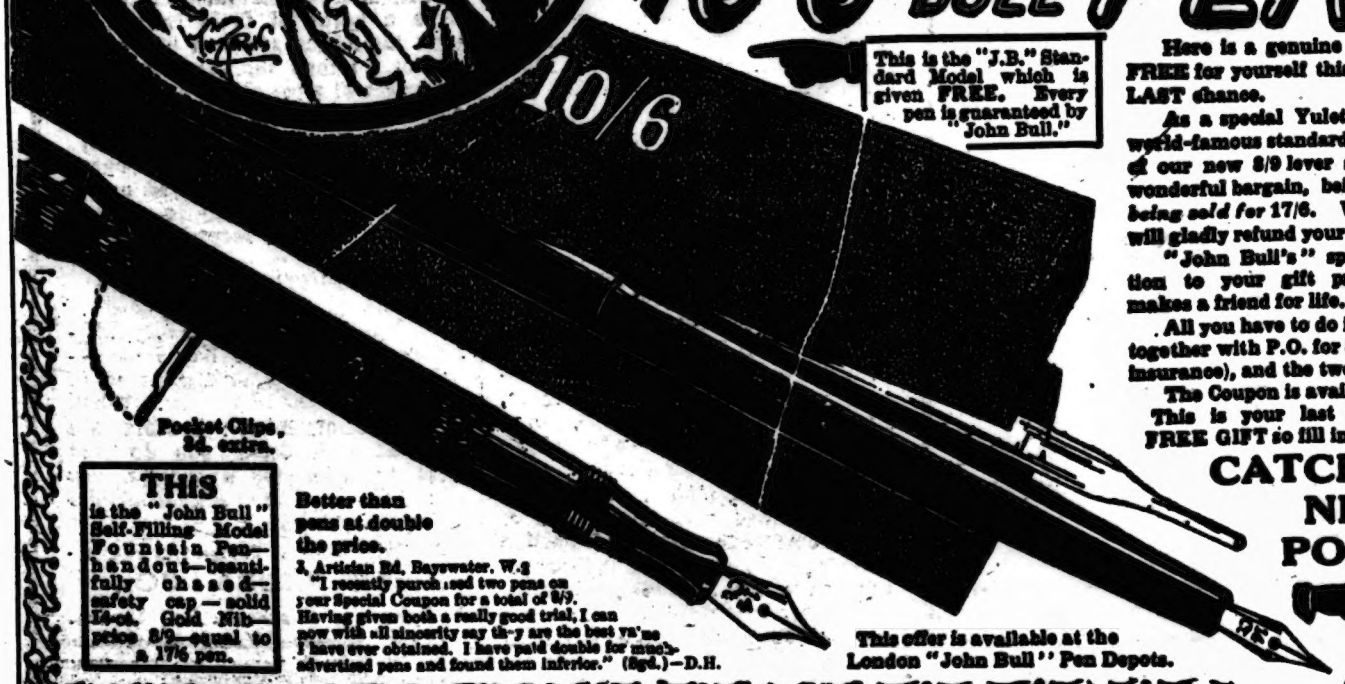
ADDRESS .....

WILL YOU ACCEPT THIS XMAS GIFT FROM "JOHN

YOUR LAST CHAN

to get this

10/6 "JOHN BULL" PEN FR



This is the "J.B." Standard Model which is given **FREE.** Every pen is guaranteed by "John Bull."

Pocket Clips, 3d. extra.

THIS is the "John Bull" Self-Filling Model Fountain Pen—handcut—beautifully chased—safety cap—solid 14-ct. Gold Nib—price 8/9—equal to a 17/6 pen.

Better than pens at double the price.

3, Artisan Rd, Bayswater, W.8

"I recently purchased two pens on your Special Coupon for a total of 8/9. Having given both a really good trial, I can now with all sincerity say they are the best value I have ever obtained. I have paid double for much-advertised pens and found them inferior." (Sgd.)—D.H.

This offer is available at the London "John Bull" Pen Depots.

Here is a genuine opportunity of securing a **FREE** for yourself this Christmas. Don't miss **LAST** chance.

As a special Yuletide offer *only*, we are sending world-famous standard model half-guinea pens to of our new 8/9 lever self-filling model. This wonderful bargain, being equal in every respect *being sold for* 17/6. We guarantee it for 10 years will gladly refund your money should you wish to

"John Bull's" special offer provides a simple tion to your gift problem. A "John Bull" makes a friend for life.

All you have to do is to post the Coupon below together with P.O. for 8/9 (plus 3d. for postage and insurance), and the two pens are yours by return.

The Coupon is available for 10 days ONLY.

This is your last chance to secure the **FREE GIFT** so fill in the coupon to-day.

CATCH THE NEXT POST!

Pen type: "John Bull" Standard / Medium or not applicable

Name*.....

Address.....

.....

Date.....

*Write in PRINTED LET

SONGS SUNG BY

Harry Lauder,
George Robey,
Harry Weldon,
Harry Champion,
Jack Pleasants,
Delysia,
Hetty King,
Phyllis Dare,
Margaret Bannerman
and other stars.

64 Pages.

Let the

JOHN BULL

SONG & DANCE ANNUAL

Help to make Your Christmas Parties a Success.

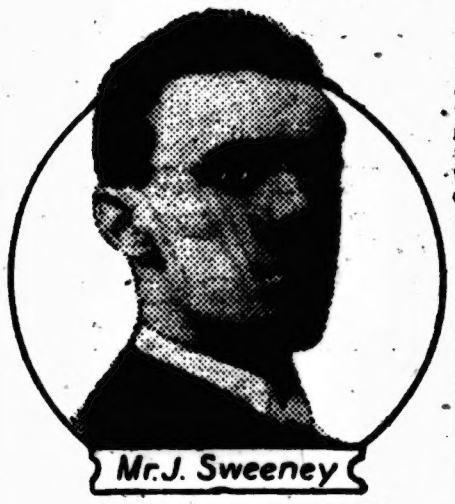
THE "John Bull" Song and Dance Annual is the greatest hit of the season. No Christmas Party should be without it. The Annual contains 16 Star Songs, 8 up-to-date Dances, and the Chorus of "Whispering."

Get it from any newsagent, bookstall or music-seller, or post free, 1/6, from The Publishers, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

24 All-Star Winners, 1/6

Neurasthenia and Fainting Fits.

Depression, Gloom and Nervous Fears. Ex-Soldier cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



Mr. J. Sweeney

Mr. John Sweeney, of 4, White Hall Court, Anderston, Glasgow, says:—

"I was three years in the Army, and at last got a bad wound and was finally discharged. When I came home I was in a very low, depressed state, neurasthenic in fact, always wanting to be alone and ready to jump at a sound. When I went out I used to think there was going to be a street accident every minute. It was an awful feeling, and I could not shake it off. Sometimes I went into a sort of fainting fit, unable to speak, and hardly knowing where I was, and at all times I was a bundle of nerves. Food I never wanted to touch, and I lost nearly a stone in weight. Sleeplessness was another trouble.

"I had to give up my work, and was at home six months. Then I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I soon knew they were doing me good. I began to feel stronger and less nervous. I could sleep well and my appetite improved. From that time I got better daily, and in quite a little while was as well as ever."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 & 3/- (the 3/- size being the more economical). Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Paralysis
Indigestion	Kidney Weakness
Sleeplessness	Children's Weakness
Neurasthenia	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets will give you the best thing in the world—good health.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured under the supervision of skilled chemists in the most perfectly equipped laboratory of its kind in the Empire, by

The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

Your Trouble is INDIGESTION

IT IS NOT YOUR LIVER.

CICFA restores DIGESTION

On holidays, when you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home, it is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION. CICFA removes that trouble. READ THE REASON WHY.

You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel the Starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., is formed into little hard dry masses, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation, also a defective Bile Circulation. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel into the blood and poured on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel and carried on to the Liver.

Your blood becomes impure and more acid, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing pains, aches, and rheumatism.

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.
INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS GASES in BOWEL, or with eructations.
in Bowel and Stomach.
Heavy HEADACHES.
ACIDITY causing Heart and Indigestion.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must remove that Indigestion by restoring Digestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies, such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, while any remedy which can cure must be able to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa can do this, because Cicfa restores digestion at every point along the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa ensures complete digestion of all the Albuminous food in the Stomach and all the Starchy food in the Bowel, corrects the Bile Circulation, prevents fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, ensures the formation of such Digestive Ferments as Nature requires.

The following, like all our testimonials, was unsolicited:

Weston, Staffs.

"Sirs,—My conscience prompts me to write you a word of praise for your Cicfa. I am one of those men who simply detest the idea of having anything to do with any sort of patent medicine. I have suffered ever since I was 21 years of age with Stomach Indigestion, and now I am 36 years old. I have tried all the home-made remedies that I could possibly get and I was also under [illegible] but I was no better. I used to take all the nasty out of me; and he recommended me to have a bottle of Cicfa tablets. I took his advice and had two small bottles. I took the two bottles in the space of a fortnight, and I have never had a symptom since, nor a belch since. I don't need any, for I am cured. If Cicfa cures everyone as fast as it cured me, I don't see how it pays to manufacture it.—Yours respectfully,

"S. I."

18,000 BRITISH DOCTORS *have taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice.* When thousands of British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa you do not need to write for a sample, *you can purchase Cicfa and commence using it immediately.*

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John Bull, 24-12-21.

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